

MC CALL'S MAGAZINE



JULY
1916
5 CENTS

Frederick Turner



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MC CALL'S MAGAZINE

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If your magazine wrapper is stamped "EXPIRES" and if a subscription blank is enclosed, your subscription has expired. Please fill out the blank, enclose 50 cents in stamps and mail to us at once, so you will not miss the next number. Always sign your name the same. Do not sign it Mrs. George Brown once and later Mrs. Mary Brown. Write plainly your full name and address, so there can be no mistake. Mention the issue with which you wish your subscription to begin.

If your magazine fails to arrive before the 27th of the month preceding the month of issue, notify us by postal and we will mail you a duplicate copy. For example, if the August issue has not reached you by July 27th, then notify us.

If you intend to change your address, please give us four weeks' notice. We cannot make a change of address on our list, unless you give your complete old address as well as your new address.

The editor is not responsible for loss or injury to manuscripts, drawings, and photographs submitted. Manuscripts must be accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes for their return.

The subscription price is 50 cents a year (12 issues), postage free, for United States, Alaska, Cuba, Porto Rico, Mexico, and the Hawaiian and Philippine Islands. Price for Canada is 75 cents; for foreign countries, \$1.00 a year.

ADVERTISEMENTS

We will not, knowingly or intentionally, insert advertisements from other than perfectly reliable firms or business men. If subscribers find any of them to be otherwise, we will esteem it a favor if they will so advise us, giving full particulars.

OUR FORECAST FOR AUGUST

CARTER HOUSH has done a striking cover for August—a fat little youngster in bathing-trunks, a lop-eared dog, and a pugnacious crab. Our embroidery department, taking heed to itself, has arranged for a supply of pillow-tops in art linen with boy, dog, and crab stenciled thereon in the cover colors. Read particulars in the August number. In response to many inquiries we have provided a supply of copies of the May baby cover, *without lettering*, at five cents postpaid. *The Four o'Clock Girl* on our July cover, done by Frederick Duncan, we can also furnish *without lettering* at the five-cent price.

She Would Ambassadoring Go

IF you like the sound of titles and would enjoy the sensation of dining with a Princess—marry an Ambassador! If you crave to be the one American woman permitted at the Court balls of Vienna, marry an Ambassador—to Austria! If you want to cross foreign frontiers most grandly, without customs' inspection or other interference by officials—marry an Ambassador!

Representing Her Country, by Emily Evans, is a chatty, gossipy article about what it means to be an Ambassador's wife; her responsibilities and her privileges. Miss Evans frankly confesses that, as a small girl, she meant to marry the President, but on considering the question carefully, she has quite emphatically decided in favor of an Ambassador. See if you agree with her!

Love From Three Angles

PERHAPS you have never thought of a stockbroking office as the proper background for romance. Let Myrtle Flanders, stenographer, undeceive you! In *A Flurry in Light and Heat*, by Harold C. Burr, Myrtle opens up her heart (which she knows perfectly well has no place in business), and tells us just how it feels to glance innocently through a door and see the Junior Partner about to kiss the daughter of a client who has shot himself over a decline in "Municipal Light and Heat." Perfectly proper for the Junior Partner, since he was a bachelor with a right to bestow his heart where he pleased! What, then, has Myrtle's heart—which should have been left at home during office hours—to do with it? Let Myrtle explain! *The Convalescence of Pauline*, by Elizabeth Irons Folsom, is the strong, true, sweet story of the slow coming back to life of Pauline Stanton, for whom everything seemed to have ended; and of a Doctor, and a Nurse, and a Cow, and a Man, and a Bit of the Past.



A Career or a Cradle? The immemorial question! *Balancing the Issues of Life*, is the answer of A Successful Business Woman.

Fourteen Vacation Spots

A PRACTICAL article on taking the kind of a vacation your own Government has planned for you is *Spending Three Million Dollars at Home*, by Janet Yorke. You may think of Presidents, and Secretaries of State, and all the other High Officials, as exclusively engaged in diplomatic negotiations, and anti-trust activities, and tariff regulation. But, no, indeed! Behold the Secretary of the Interior with his finger to his brow, saying anxiously: "Vacations! Vacations! Where shall they spend their vacations?" You don't

believe it? Then let us tell you of fourteen wonderful vacation spots which the Government has reserved for you.

For Idle Moments and Busy Ones

MANY a hot afternoon, the shaded veranda, with its easy chairs, will invite. Then, with your embroidery bag temptingly close at hand, you will be glad of the novel and simple suggestions for *Summertime Stitchery* with which the August McCall's will have supplied you. To raise funds for the war orphans, a collection of *Quaint Handbags* made from the tops of old kid gloves, by famous people like Sarah Bernhardt, August Rodin, etc., has been put up for sale. We have photographed some of the bags which sold for as high as one hundred dollars, and you shall see them—and duplicate them if you will—in August. Also you will find directions and illustrations of new and attractive *Uses for Simple Appliqué*—besides numerous other embroidery suggestions.

The Tale of the Tub Frock

AUGUST fashions offer many attractive models for *Hot Day Dresses* which can visit the tub without injury. Our Home Dressmaking Lesson is upon *A Frock of White Organdy*, with a Pettiskirt of the same material audaciously showing its lace frill a little below the gown proper, in the new mode. *Slipover Blouses* of chiffon, silk, etc., which go on over the head, and are held to the figure by elastic at the waistline, remain popular, while *The New Cap-sleeved Waist*, which has a loose elbow kimono sleeve, cut to give the effect of a cape, is much seen, worn over a guimpe or with long gloves.

ABOUT OUR NEW SERIAL

WE are very much pleased with our new serial which starts in this issue, and we are hoping, in fact, expecting, that you will get as much enjoyment out of reading it as we did. It is exciting, there is no doubt about that, and you are going to feel just as keen an edge of suspense over the fate of Betty Warrington and her island as Betty herself felt. Of course, there are other people in the story who will demand a good share of your interest and appreciation, too: Lieutenant Gordon, for instance, who insists on saying a word to you right at the beginning, and who, at least in Betty's estimation, is certainly the hero of the story; and Teddy, Betty's brother, who, with Alice Nevins, demands space to stage a little drama all his own; and then, of course, there's Dad. Here's what the author herself says about him: "To tell you the honest truth, so far as I am concerned, Daddy is the hero of this story." But we shall let you decide for yourself, when you have read the story, who the hero is.

The Characters

IT'S a serious matter, living with an entirely new set of people for seven or eight months, and we sought a long time before we found Betty with her little Gold God. But the minute we were introduced to Betty, and Dad, and Ted, and Lieutenant Gordon we knew that they were just the people for us. We wired Mrs. Lombard, who, with Augusta Philbrick, wrote *The Little Gold God*, that we wanted to adopt them into the McCall family, and Mrs. Lombard immediately wired back that they were delighted to be adopted by us—which brings us to the authors and the interesting facts we have to tell you about them.

The Authors

MRS. LOMBARD and Mrs. Philbrick are in Georgia now, but, for many, many years before, they lived in the very country which is the scene of *The Little Gold God*. Every cactus, every mescal plant, every stretch of dry desert, they can assure you, is there just as they describe it, for those same



THE LITTLE GOLD GOD HIMSELF

cacti, mescal plants, and desert were their companions for long months at a time. Mrs. Philbrick, who is Mrs. Lombard's step-daughter, has never written before, but Mrs. Lombard's name, you are probably already acquainted with. A number of stories of hers have been published in various magazines in the last few years. Mrs. Lombard is a friendly, sympathetic sort of person, as, indeed, any one would have to be before

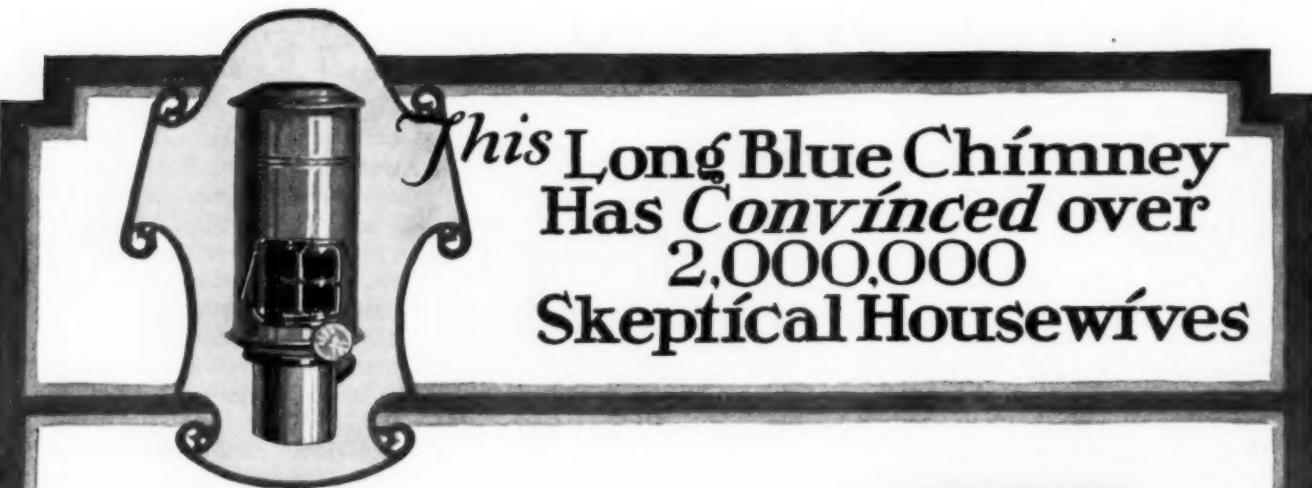
she could create the Warrington family, but, in addition to her humanness, the great outdoors has a real meaning for her. In *The Little Gold God* she has been able to communicate that feeling to her readers, so that when you finish the story, you will feel that you, yourself, have been living in that vast, mysterious, comparatively unknown country of Lower California.

The Scene

IN fact, reading *The Little Gold God* is almost like being introduced to a new and fascinating geography, although, if you are unduly interested in geography, I shall have to warn you beforehand that there are only about five lines of real description to every chapter. Nevertheless, one does get acquainted through some underground means. In Lower California, there are no railroads, no trails, even, except one, very faintly defined, and few travelers have been adventurous enough to go exploring it—probably only about a dozen in the last century. The many coast islands, of which Rosario is one, have the same capacity for exclusiveness as has the mainland, and few people have ever had the opportunity of gazing even upon the outlines of their shores. Sandy wastes, a line of rocks, mountains in the distance, they make an ideal setting for adventure. To Californians, who are near enough to feel something of its drawing power, Lower California stands for mystery, always beckoning, always inviting, though few have dared to respond. It is left as one of the few unmapped, unclaimed regions of the world. But you, when you have finished *The Little Gold God*, will have been there.



LOWER CALIFORNIA, THE LAND OF THE UNKNOWN



This Long Blue Chimney Has Convincé over 2,000,000 Skeptical Housewives

THEY knew kerosene was economical—easy to handle.

But they did not believe it could ever be used satisfactorily for cooking purposes—not on account of the kerosene, but because of difficulties resulting from flimsy, smoky, unreliable, makeshift oil stoves.

Then we introduced the NEW PERFECTION—with the Long Blue Chimney.

And we pointed out that oil stoves had never been satisfactory because they had never before been *scientifically constructed*.

Consider the Lamp

No one ever thinks of using a lamp without a *long* glass chimney.

A *long* chimney creates a draft, furnishes the flame with enough air for perfect, clean combustion, and makes every drop of kerosene do all the work in its power. In the lamp that "work" is to furnish light.

THE NEW PERFECTION

with its *Long Blue Chimney* corrected this one big fault. Skeptics who tried the New Perfection became enthusiastic.

Today over two million women are using New Perfections,

6,000,000 meals a day are cooked over our *long blue chimneys*.

More than one home in ten has found the New Perfection way of escaping coal-hod, ash-pan drudgery.

The New Perfection means cool kitchens, no wood, no coal, no ashes, cinders or dirt. No fires to kindle. Lights and regulates like gas—on and off—up or down.

The New Perfection cooks for six people at an average fuel cost of six cents a day.

It can bake, roast, toast, do anything any stove can do.

It is the successful oil stove, and the reason is the *long blue chimney*!

Are you a skeptic? Your neighbor has a New Perfection—ask her.

New Perfections, in many styles and sizes, are sold by most good dealers. Prices from \$3.00 up.

THE CLEVELAND FOUNDRY COMPANY
7372 Platt Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio.

Also made in Canada by the Perfection
Stove Company, Limited,
Sarnia, Ontario.

And the Cook Stove

In the oil cook stove that "work" is to furnish "heat". Although a long chimney is absolutely necessary for clean, intense heat, oil stove manufacturers had been making their stoves to burn the same fuel as a lamp—but making them without the *long blue chimney*.



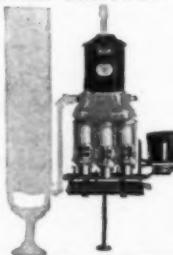
NEW PERFECTION OVENS

Bake to perfection because of correct heat circulation—no air pockets. Glass or steel doors. Fit any stove.

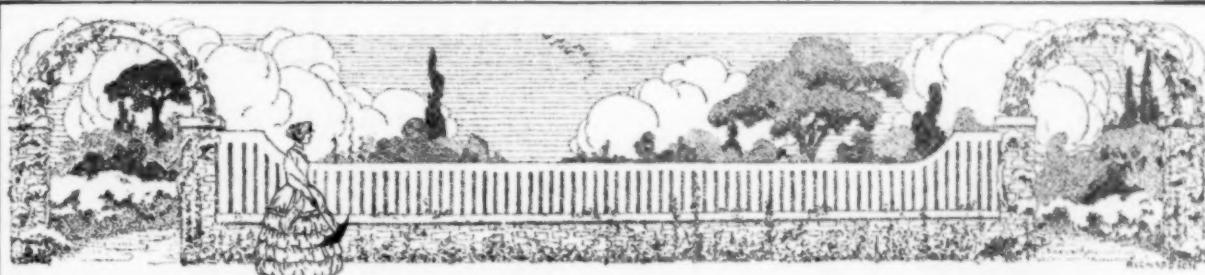


NEW PERFECTION KEROSENE WATER HEATER

Has three long blue chimneys and provides an abundant circulating supply of hot water for laundry, kitchen or bathroom at low cost. Easily installed. Write for booklet.



NEW PERFECTION



July

McCALL'S MAGAZINE

1916

WE often hear the expression "a talented man," and it has come to mean to us a man a little apart and above the common ruck of mankind. Yet the man we set high above us is there not necessarily because he is greater than we, but by reason of an artificial system of appraisement, or because his talent is uncovered while ours is hidden.

I have yet to meet the individual in whom association fails to disclose that specialized ability which is entitled to the name of talent. The unsuccessful man or woman is he or she who is not using that talent. Often, in answer to the question, "What can you do?" the reply comes, "Nothing special—that is the trouble." But every one can do "something special," although, in many cases, the thing seems so insignificant that the owner never thinks of according it a commercial value. No matter what its character, every ability has a commercial value.

A musician has talent, an artist has talent, a clever writer has talent, but so has the boy who blacks boots so well his customers choose him out of a cityful; so has the woman who darns stockings with such skill that the darn is no unsightly patch but an integral part of the stocking; so has the man who, just for pastime, grows a few flowers which develop, under his idle experiments, into more than average beauty.

YOUR talent may be the one ability which has never seemed to you worth while, and in which other people's ineptness is a continual surprise to you—it is "so easy." What is that talent? Analyze to yourself its uses, consider how and where it may be applied to the best advantage, and fit yourself into the opportunity it suggests.

"But," a young girl once said, "I only know how to dance and play." She turned that "only" to practical account, and made seventy-five dollars a week teaching dancing to classes of her own formation.

The factory hand whose good wife found him "so handy about the house" discovered it possible to give up the long hours of factory work,

JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES

By the EDITOR

which were crushing out his life, and in a fashionable suburb of Chicago has now enough regular customers, at thirty cents an hour, for day and half-day work at odd jobs, to bring in more than the harder work produced and under infinitely more desirable conditions.

I know a stenographer who tired of the daily grind. She borrowed money, artistically furnished a small apartment and rented the rooms; took that money and furnished another, and rented the rooms; took that money, furnished another and rented the rooms, until she now has between forty and fifty rooms paying exceptional rentals, as much as sixty-five dollars a month for a suite of two small rooms. Her talent lay in making people comfortable. She is a success; she was a not too competent stenographer.

CAN you make shirtwaists, mend china, raise birds, grow flowers? Can you press trousers, invent appetizing desserts, bake good cake or bread? Can you draw, write a good letter? Are you a good story-teller? Do you get along with children? Are you successful in convincing people? Can you dance, sing? Is it easy for you to make others understand anything you know yourself? And can you do your one of these things a little better than most people?

Every one of these conditions represents a commercial value. Nobody can tell you how to apply it without living under your vine and fig tree and in your environment, but you can find out for yourself—which is better.

If you are confronted with a financial vacuum, with no apparent way to meet it—what is your talent? You have one—it is salable—it is practical—it is desired, somewhere, somehow. Find it, bring it out into the light. Never be dismayed at its insignificance, its apparent triviality; it is as mighty in its place as the genius of an Edison. The small things of the world must be done, as well as the great ones—are even more necessary. And the smallest talent in the world can earn a living, an' you but bring it to market.

What is YOUR talent?

THE LITTLE

A SERIAL STORY OF

By ROSE LOMBARD and AUGUSTA PHILBRICK

sense. If you could just manage to give me a few thousand words right at the first—”

“Lieutenant Gordon,” we said sternly, “it’s absurd, and against all precedent, and we don’t approve of the thing at all, but we want to be fair. We are willing to do this: If you will limit yourself to five hundred words, we will give you that much space in a sort of prologue which the readers will probably skip, anyway. That is positively the best that can be done. Now, make the most of it.”

Lieutenant Gordon Explains

IT is confoundedly hard to write under a handicap, but Heaven knows I can’t waste words bemoaning my limitations; so I’ll get right to the point.

What I wanted most to say in self-justification is this: If I had been a young fellow in the habit of falling in love, I probably should have managed much better. I can see that, now. It really wasn’t fair to Betty for me to be such a dub. But, you see, the day I first saw Betty Warrington, I was nearly thirty years old; and, up to that minute, I had never rested eyes on a girl who had caused me the least flutter of emotion. But when the dream-girl of my heart, living, glowing with health and loveliness, walked into the car that morning, it was all up with me. I loved her, from the least dark tendril of her beautiful hair to the tip of her tiny boot. I claimed her, instantly, for my own; and it just did not seem reasonable that she should not recognize me in the same instantaneous way. It was the hardest thing in the world to keep from calling her endearing names. I know, now, I was crazy. It was a little like having the measles, and the whooping-cough, and the mumps, all at once, after you have grown up, when it goes desperately hard with one. That is a little incoherent; but I am still incoherent when I think about Betty, and that is my only excuse for the whole foolish performance.

The Little Gold God was partly to blame. He was a very favorite mascot of mine and when my hand accidentally touched him in my pocket I think he gave me the idiotic impulse. So I tore a leaf from my diary, and scribbled my ardent confession that second day on the train, and tucked it away inside him for luck.

Of course, there would have been no harm done if it hadn’t been for the second irresistible impulse to put the Little Gold God into her hands, and risk everything by letting her read it and know at once that I was head over ears in love with her. I spent a lot of time on the note that was to accompany him. I thought it was a very clever note. I didn’t want her to come upon the thing too suddenly; so I tried to give her a hint of what to expect when she unscrewed the head of the Little Gold God and found my declaration.

“I have whispered to this Little Gold God of the Aztecs,” I wrote, “the very deepest secrets of my heart. They are tucked safely away in his bosom. My fate is still bound up in him. If he should become flighty, unbalanced, or lose his head entirely in your hands, it will bring me either a great happiness or a great despair.”

I didn’t really believe at the moment that I should be foolish enough to give it to her; and, of course, it never entered my head that she would not—

The Editor Speaks Again

THE Lieutenant has gone ‘way over his word limit. We can’t see that he has improved his case, at all. He has gone at it in the same blundering way in which he con-



BETTY

PROLOGUE, BY THE EDITOR

The hero insists on introducing himself

THIS is Betty Warrington’s story. She has told it in her own way, from her own reasonable standpoint, and, up to the minute of going to press, there was no intention on our part of allowing any outsider to break in—certainly not on the very first page, in the most conspicuous manner. But Lieutenant Jack Gordon is a young man who has a way with him; and, although his first proposal was greeted with scorn, there was some truth in his argument, and he insisted on a hearing.

“You see,” he explained, “I was the cause of the whole misunderstanding; and if I could just get in a word at the start to give the readers a chance to see my side—if you could give me, say, the first chapter or two—”

“You are a nice, modest hero, now, aren’t you?” we scoffed. “Pushing yourself in ahead of the lady—ahead of the whole story, in fact! We don’t see any reason why you should have any more space than Betty herself accords you. To tell the truth, we don’t think much of you as a hero, ourselves. The only reason you got the job, at all, was because it is usual to have a hero. Personally, we think Betty’s father makes a much better hero than you do. But since Betty demands a young hero, and since she seems willing to put up with you—”

The Lieutenant has a boyish blush that gives him an appearance of great modesty. We paused.

“I was a chuckle-headed idiot all the way through,” he conceded humbly, “but I do hate to have the readers wait clear to the last chapter to find that I had even a grain of

GOLD GOD

LOVE AND ADVENTURE

Illustrated by H. R. BALLINGER

ducted his love-making. We don't see any reason for further indulgence. As we said, in the first place, this is Betty Warrington's story.

BETTY WARRINGTON'S STORY

She meets a young man with a twinkle in his eye, and acquires a mascot

IT was June; it was warm; and I was tired after all the excitement of commencement at Briarcliff, so I managed to conduct myself like a very exemplary young person during the first lap of my trip across the continent to California. But, after I had changed at Chicago, and was finally settled for three more long days, I grew tired of staring out of the window at the scenery, and began to wake up and take notice of the people about me; and I had a funny little conviction that before I got through I was going to do something to repent of, later.

There was no excuse for me. I had Dad's "Rules on How to Behave While Traveling" safely tucked away in my bag. When his last long letter reached me just before leaving New York, full of instructions about tickets and Pullmans and telling me that Teddy would meet me at the train in Los Angeles, I felt a little indignant at the Rules, and followed Number One—to keep my mind on my magazine or the scenery—with Spartan firmness, just to prove to myself that that was what I should have done, anyway; and I suppose that had some influence on the first part of the trip.

At Chicago, however, there was an entirely new start, with a fresh batch of much more interesting-looking passengers; and so it came about that, on the second day out, I yawned prodigiously, pitched my magazine into my open handbag, and sat up straight to take a real look at the people about me.

My eyes roamed carelessly over some oldish people and a dull-looking girl ahead; and then, facing me at the end of the car, I saw a young man who looked decidedly interesting. He must have discovered me just as I discovered him, for he happened to be looking at me when I looked up, and we gazed at each other for a second. He had great, big, brown eyes, with the most delightful twinkle in them. They were looking squarely into mine; but for some strange reason I couldn't resent it a bit. It wasn't at all like the stare one occasionally gets from a stranger. There was deference, and a sort of kind, brotherly look, and the twinkle was positively vocal.

"Isn't it a pity," it was saying; "here we are, two nice kindred souls who could beguile the tedium of this long journey so splendidly for each other; but just because we are well brought up, we must be conventional. We must sit primly apart and wish we knew each other all through the trip!"

The influence was so strong upon me, I almost twinkled back; and then, suddenly, like a cold shower, Dad's Second Rule popped into my mind—"Do nothing to encourage any man who may wish to become acquainted with you!" I remembered my indignation when I first read that sentence. As if I would let a stranger-man scrape acquaintance with me! And here I was, about to disgrace my family at the very first opportunity!

It is a great thing to have a fore-thoughtful father. Rule Number Two saved me. I assumed a haughty look of indifference, and glanced witheringly over the young man's head. And, like the good girls in the story-books, I promptly had my reward for resisting temptation. Going



LIEUTENANT GORDON

into the diner an hour later, I had a delightful surprise. I nearly collided with a big mountain of a man in the narrow passage, and when he turned to apologize, we both cried out joyfully. Professor Ferris is a very famous scientist, but he is also one of Dad's oldest and dearest friends and I have known him since I was a baby. He came back into the diner with me and chatted while I had my dinner, and it began to look as if the trip was not going to be so lonely, after all. But I was doomed to disappointment. He was only going as far as Albuquerque, to look at some mine in New Mexico, and would be leaving the train in the morning. I must have looked very much cast down, for the Professor patted my hand.

"There are some charming people aboard this train whom you must meet, Betty. A dear old English lady who has a couple of lovely nieces—"

HE stopped suddenly. I looked up and followed his glance. The young man with the twinkle in his eyes stood in the aisle. He was smiling broadly and hopefully at Professor Ferris, and Professor Ferris was twinkling back.

"On second thought, Betty," he said hastily, "I believe young Gordon might make your journey more interesting for you than those girls. Miss Warrington, I want you to know a friend of mine, Lieutenant Gordon."

And in another minute, the young man with the twinkle had assured me that he was delighted—and he looked it!

We had the most interesting evening together. Professor Ferris was to leave the train early in the morning, so I would not see him again. He hated to let me go on alone, and almost decided to see me through to Los Angeles.

"What is your father thinking about, to send you across the country all alone like this?" he demanded crossly.

But I wouldn't let him abuse Dad.

"He couldn't help it," I hastened to assure him. "He simply couldn't come for me—but if you could see the stack of letters and instructions he sent! I have a note from the president of the railway to the conductor, and I have been handed along in care of some one ever since I left school."

"I suppose it is all right," he growled. "Have you got a rabbit's foot in your pocket to guard against accident?"

"No," I laughed. "I never owned a mascot, but I never knew you to be without a rabbit's foot. I'll take it, if it will make you feel any better."

The Professor fished in his coat pockets, and then, with a blank face, began to explore the pockets of his vest. The search was fruitless. His worried look was very funny.

"If Miss Warrington will accept a mascot from me," the Lieutenant broke in eagerly, "I shall be delighted to supply one. I never owned a rabbit's foot, but I have an old piece of Spanish cut money that I will stake against any rabbit's foot the Professor ever owned."

"Surely you are not superstitious, too, Lieutenant?" I cried.

"I am the most credulous person that ever lived," he confessed. "I was brought up by an old black mammy, and I think I have the choicest collection of rare old superstitions of any man in the Navy."

He produced a large, long, thick, silver coin, of irregular shape, almost an oblong, and very roughly and crudely stamped with a coat of arms.

"This was made on a blacksmith's forge," he explained; "so you must overlook its lack of symmetry. I have carried it as a lucky-piece for five years and can recommend it as a very choice and thoroughly reliable mascot."

"Why, then, I don't think you ought to part with it, Lieutenant," I began.

"I don't need it, I assure you, Miss Warrington," he smiled. "I have another protection against hoodoos."

THE Lieutenant was searching his pockets again, and this time he brought out a tiny oriental-looking box. Opening it, he disclosed the cunningest little fat gold god, sitting on a wee pedestal. He sat it upright before us.

"This Little Gold God is guaranteed to be any kind of a mascot I need at the moment," he said with that twinkle of his. "I haven't had a bit of use for my old luck-piece since I picked him up in Panama last winter. If he won't work sitting up, like a proper heathen god, the remedy is to set him on his head. And then everything is straightened out in a very few minutes."

He reversed the image, setting him upside down on the window ledge, and the Little Gold God sat firmly on his flat little head, in spite of the rude jolting of the train.

Professor Ferris took the little image and examined him with much interest.

"An Aztec relic, I think," said Lieutenant Gordon.

The Professor shook his head.

"No. It is a particularly fine specimen of the little Inca gods that were used as amulets," he said. "They were made in the human form and in the form of the frog, and were called Kknopa. They are still to be obtained occasionally in Peru. You picked this up in Panama, you say?"

The Lieutenant must be a very absent-minded person. He tucked my piece of Spanish cut-money carefully away in his pocket and listened attentively while Professor Ferris discussed the Incas and their relics. And so when I bade the Professor and Mr. Gordon good night I went without my mascot, after all.

The next morning, however, while I was at breakfast, Mr. Gordon laid a little tissue paper package beside my plate in passing.

"The little mascot," he said gravely. "May it bring you happiness!"

It seemed foolish to take it, then; but it was easier to accept it than to argue about it, especially as the young

man marched calmly past and gave me no opportunity at all; so I tucked it hastily away in my handbag.

After breakfast I settled myself for the morning with a magazine, but in a few minutes the Lieutenant was at my side.

"It is really a shame to read," he said, "when you might be enjoying this beautiful scenery, and when I might be telling you about these interesting old ruins we are passing."

He was absurd but irresistible; for of course there was nothing on all sides of us but just miles and miles of desert throbbing with the heat.

IT is a pity to see California for the first time in the summer," he said. "This is your first trip west, I think you said?"

"I am on my way to a desert island somewhere in the Pacific," I explained. "I am not afraid of the heat. Daddy says the climate is wonderful. He has been there nearly a year."

"You don't mean Catalina?"

"No, nothing so civilized as that, more is the pity," I laughed. "I mean a real desert island, miles from anywhere, somewhere off the coast of Mexico. It is quite a long steamer trip."

The Lieutenant knit his brows.

"I didn't know there were any inhabited islands—" he began.

"This is called Rosario," I explained, "and it isn't inhabited, except for the men Dad has taken down there—"

But I didn't have to go any farther. The Lieutenant's face had lighted immediately.

"Your father is the Mr. Warrington who is opening up the Rosario Mine again?" he exclaimed.

"Do you know him?" I demanded joyfully.

"Only by reputation," he confessed. "Everybody on the Coast knows of Rosario Island and what your father is doing there. It is an immensely interesting undertaking. But what a dull place for you, Miss Warrington!" he said anxiously. "A typical mining camp, and in such an isolated spot—"

The dismay in his face was quite comical.

"But the California country is so beautiful!" I cried. "I shall love the roses and the palms and—"

Lieutenant Gordon's face wore a very distressed look.

"Miss Warrington," he said, "I hate to be a spoiler of illusions, but I know the coast islands well. We pass them every time the battleships go to Magdalena Bay for target practise. Rocks, and sand, and cactus, and a few wild goats, and rattlesnakes aplenty! This kind of country blossoms into verdure and beauty only when thousands of dollars are spent to turn water onto the sandy soil; and I imagine—in a mining camp—But hasn't your father described it to you in his letters?"

"Here is the kind of stuff Dad writes me when he mentions the Island at all!" I said scornfully.

I pulled a loose sheet from my bag and began to read:

As for the mine, it grows more fascinating as a study every day. I am inclined to think the formation is eruptive, although there is a difference of opinion among mining men on that score. The zone is certainly of immense width, and carries values even when entirely white and uncolored by metallic oxides—

Mr. Gordon's merry laugh rang out. I do love a good honest laugh, right from the heart. I would rather judge a person by it than anything else, and the Lieutenant's laugh is just as satisfactory as his twinkle.

"Well, anyway," I said stoutly, "I am going to be with Dad, and I fully expect to have a perfectly splendid time!"

I liked the warm, kind look he turned on me. This new friend of mine is all right. I think Daddy will approve of him.

The rest of my trip was glorious.

When we reached Los Angeles, Mr. Gordon helped me off the cars. Ted was there to meet me, and he picked me right up in those big strong arms of his, kissed me, set me down again, and just looked glad.



"MISS BETTY," HE SAID GENTLY, "DO YOU MEAN—IS THERE ANOTHER PERSON CONCERNED? SOME ONE YOU HAVE TO HURT?"

The Lieutenant stood holding my suit-case. As soon as I caught my breath I introduced them, and laughed to see Mr. Gordon's expression change when I said, "This is my brother, Teddy." The quick succession from resentful wrath to polite courtesy, and then to glad surprise, was all lost on Ted; but I noticed it.

Introducing new acquaintances, and roses, and moonlight

THE most astonishing things happen! When Teddy and I came on to San Diego we expected to spend a few quiet days sight-seeing before the steamer sailed for Rosario. The very first morning a dear old jolly white-haired gentleman drove up in a big limousine and fairly carried us off bodily to his lovely ranch home just outside the city. Mr. Reed seems to be merely a business acquaintance of Dad's, but he simply refused to take no for an answer, and I guess this is California hospitality. So here we are, visiting in a beautiful rose-bowered place, with a heavenly odor of lemon blossoms coming in through the wide windows. Mrs. Reed is still a young-looking woman, with the softest Southern voice and beautiful eyes.

Before we had been in the house ten minutes Ted had invited them both down to the Island with us for a few weeks' fishing. They were delighted, and accepted at once.

We were shown to great, airy, adjoining rooms, and when we were finally alone together I turned to Teddy with a gasp.

"Of course, they are perfect dears," I said, "and I think it was just sweet of them to take in a couple of strangers like this, but weren't you a little precipitate? Wouldn't it have been better to have waited—"

Teddy was looking at me with a radiant smile on his face.

"I wanted a chaperon, Betty," he said, "and Mrs. Reed fitted in as if she had been sent straight from heaven!"

And then, before I could open my mouth to ask a question, he made his confession.

"Her name is Alice Nevins," he said, "and she is the sweetest, loveliest—"

"Don't forget you have been in love before, Teddy," I warned him.

"Nothing like this!" he cried. "I want you to meet her to-morrow; then you will understand. She lives all alone with her grandmother, who is the dearest, quaintest old lady

in the world. I have been worrying for a week, trying to figure out how Alice could be invited to the Island, and now if we can just persuade Grandma to let her go—“

“Tell me about her!” I demanded anxiously.

“Her hair is the color of sunlight, Betty, the most wonderful hair you ever saw! She is a little slip of a thing, no bigger than you are. And the gentlest, most modest little girl—”

I didn't feel happy about him. I had heard Teddy rave about golden hair before. Once in New York, a few years ago, there was a little chorus girl who almost had our Teddy under her thumb—a little slip of a blond thing, too, with a fiendish skill in the use of a rouge-pot and the peroxide bottle.

“Teddy,” I said suddenly, “how did you meet Miss Nevins?”

“In the most irreproachable way, of course!” he flared indignantly. “She is a niece of Dad's lawyer, Mr. Wilder. He took me there to call one evening.”

Somehow, I still felt doubtful, but Teddy was too absorbed in his divinity to listen to me, anyway. Just then luncheon was announced, and the subject was dropped.

WE had callers all afternoon. A Mr. Vickson, who is an officer on the “Arizona” with Mr. Gordon, was there when Mr. Gordon called to invite us all to a theater party that evening. He included Mr. Vickson in the invitation, rather reluctantly, I thought, but the young man accepted very heartily. There are three battleships in San Diego harbor just at present, and the young officers are very popular here. I hadn't seen Lieutenant Gordon since we parted at Los Angeles, but I knew he was coming to San Diego to rejoin his ship. I do like him. Everybody likes him.

Mrs. Reed carried me off to rest before dressing for dinner, and in a few minutes Ted put his head in at the door.

“What color are you going to wear to-night, Betty?” he demanded. “Mr. Reed and I are telephoning the florist.”

“Pale green chiffon—” I began.

Ted knit his brows and studied me attentively, looking puzzled. Then he grinned and disappeared. While I was dressing, a long box was brought to my room with six enormous American Beauty roses, and a card from Ted on which was scrawled:

Dear Kid; Wear one of these and you will throw the footlights in the shade!

I confess I felt rather dubious: I heartily agreed that the effect might be dazzling, but I didn't want to dazzle anybody. But when I put on a rose, I had a surprise. I ran out to the living-room to show Ted and Mrs. Reed, and Teddy was tickled to death to think he had hit it off so happily. Just then Yamassan, the Japanese butler, came in with a whole armful of boxes for Mrs. Reed and me. Mr. Vickson had sent American Beauties, too, but Mr. Gordon's lovely bunch of valley lilies was the best of all.

I went back to my room and held them against my gown. I honestly wanted to change; but I wasn't going to hurt old Teddy's feelings like that, so I gave the lilies a big bowl of water on my dresser, and helped Mrs. Reed scatter the rest of the offerings around the house.

The Lieutenant sat next to me at the

theater. He looked very sober all evening, and as if his thoughts were far away. His eyes had gone to my big, red rose the moment he removed my wrap; and I was just going to tell him I was sorry his flowers came too late, when he said stiffly:

“I am sorry I was not more fortunate in my choice; but I can almost forgive you—the effect is so perfect as it is. You look like a spirit of the moonlight in that pale green filmy gown, and it needed a glowing red rose to anchor you to earth. Mr. Vickson is a lucky dog!”

If he hadn't added that last, I should have told him; but I couldn't resist the impulse to tease, so I just said demurely: “Teddy sent red roses, too, you know.”

His face brightened a little, at that, but, of course, I wasn't going to tell him any more.

After the play the Reeds took the whole party back to the house for supper, and the ride home was the best of all. The Lieutenant was still in a serious mood, and we talked quietly on the back seat with Mrs. Reed. It is the most surprising thing to find how much we think alike about a lot of things. It is hard to believe he is just a brand-new acquaintance. Sometimes, I have the queerest feeling about him, as if I had known him a thousand years, better than Dad or Teddy. That's silly, of course, but I never felt that way about any one else before.

We spent the next afternoon at the home of Alice Nevins and her darling little Dresden-china grandmamma. I began to feel better about Ted the minute I caught a glimpse of the lovely palm-shaded little bungalow—it just breathed good taste and refinement. And when we met the dear little old lady, with her beautiful old-fashioned punctilious manner, and her quaint lace cap and kerchief, I was ready for all the humble apologies Teddy could possibly expect of me, afterwards, even before having seen the little granddaughter.

ALICE is lovely! Just as lovely as Ted thinks she is! A tender little pink-and-white arbutus of a girl. I wanted to get right down on my knees and beg pardon for all the horrible things I had expected.

Isn't it just like Teddy! To scare his family to death by falling in love with the most designing, impossible young women, and then really to lose his heart to a little unworldly blossom of a girl like Alice!

And our Teddy is pretty deeply in love, if I know the signs. He was simply white when I suggested Alice's visit to me at the Island. Alice flushed with delight, herself, and turned such appealing blue eyes on Grandma that she would not have been human if she had refused her. When it was finally determined that she might go and all the necessary details had been discussed, poor Ted had to get out of doors to explode, or he would certainly have disgraced himself with the obviousness of his joy.

Last night we all went to Coronado for dinner and to attend a Navy dance there in the evening. We went early to see the sunset over Point Loma. A poet could not do justice to a Coronado twilight, and I won't try. Nothing can compare with the beauty of that scene, with the great green breakers rolling in, deep-toned at the base and shading up to the most delicate transparent emerald, topped with dancing white foam. It was loveliest just at the end, when the gorgeous colors

[Continued on page 81]



THE LITTLE GOLD GOD

CINDERELLA—1916

By MARIEL BRADY

Illustrated by OLGA F. HEESE

DOWN in the square, a discouraged hurdy-gurdy wheezed and choked through the haunting strains of "The Miserere," in the little triangular park, pink and lavender hyacinths swung fragile bells, and a coquettish little breeze swayed the treetops in all their delicate springtime green.

Pasquale Lionetti, proud proprietor of the highly prosperous corner fruit-stand, hummed a bar or two of the music in his throaty tenor as he artistically arranged half a dozen boxes of the first strawberries and stacked, in beguiling array, the portly bunches of California asparagus. A yellow jonquil glowed against his coat; the cash drawer waxed heavy; spring was in the air; and the world wagged merrily.

Of these tokens, the strains of "The Miserere" were all which penetrated to the fourth-floor back of Cinderella's shabby-genteel boarding-house. Of course, she lived in the fourth-floor back! You didn't expect to find her grubbing in the ashes in this era of gas ranges; did you?

No; there was nothing whatever the matter with Cinderella's soft little hands. They got rather grimy at times, it is true, from handling the books which the insatiable youngsters demanded every hour in the day at the library, but, most of the time, they were very dainty hands.

You were expected to be dainty at the library—on a very dainty salary. They believed in harmony, you see. It came naturally to Cinderella—daintiness—but even the neatest of black gowns and the filmiest of white collars and cuffs did not harmonize with the blue and green and gold beauty of the Saturday afternoon; and Cinderella admitted it mournfully.

Sitting Turk-fashion on her narrow little bed, she cocked a listening ear as "The Miserere," mercifully mellowed by distance, forced itself upon her attention.

"Ah-h-tra-la-lee!" hummed Cinderella, following the melody ecstatically. "Why wasn't I born an opera singer? H'm-h'm, dear, dear! This old rag is positively green in some lights. Well, there's no use crying about it. I never



"ARE YOU EVER GOING TO FORGIVE ME, I WONDER?" HIS DEEP VOICE, UNSTEADY AS HE FINISHED, DIED AWAY INTO SILENCE



did think much of weepers, anyway. That Cinderella the kiddies are so crazy about—he was a poor stick. Why on earth didn't she baste up a gown out of the drawing-room curtains instead of

"A RIVERDERCI," SHE SAID IN HER PRETTY, HALTING ITALIAN

shedding tears by the fire?"

Here Cinderella gave the offending black gown a vicious shake and let it fall unheeded to the floor. Absently, her soft brown eyes sought the one little window. A square of azure, meltingly deep, met her gaze. Somewhere in the neighborhood, a cracked Caruso record ground out the immortal strains of "Celeste Aida."

"Love—love everywhere!" flamed Cinderella, smiting the foot-board of her bed with her scissors. "In the

books, in the songs, in the magazines, at the theaters! Only the old fossilized college professors read anything else at the library. And where's my share? I want it. I'm young—but I can keep on going to the library forever—till I'm all wizzled up and have to have pivot teeth—and I'll never have even a squint at romance! I'm sick and tired of being myself in a lonesome little hall-bedroom. I won't be myself another instant! I'll be Somebody Else and go out in search of adventure!"

Recklessly, she kicked off her comfortable old slippers. With a tug and a jerk, she got into new bronze pumps, vastly pretty, but which pinched most abominably.

FROM the orris-scented depths of her trunk, she haled forth a very jewel, a veritable emerald of a gown. Second-cousin Matilda, on going into mourning, rather reluctantly, for her third husband—black is so trying to a sallow blond!—had sent it to her young relative with a condescending note of admonition, that the emerald gown must not be worn, except to afternoon teas, receptions, and the like. It was unsuited to any other occasion.

"Afternoon teas! Receptions!" fumed Cinderella, recalling the note as she struggled into the shimmering waves of the green gown. "Oh, certainly, a young person from the library is simply bored to death with pink teas, of course."

Ensued another period of frantic search in the recesses of the dismal closet, after which a very pink-cheeked Cinderella again gazed critically at her reflection in the mirror, a last year's white chip hat, turned hind-side before, crowning the brown head.

"Anything more forlorn than a last year's hat!" mused Cinderella, giving another rakish tilt to the brim. "Still, it's not so bad, considering. Where are my gloves? I'll run along before I change my mind. Good-by, little, poky, old, lonesome hall-room! *Au revoir*, little Cinderellary old clothes! I'm Somebody Else now. Good-by!"

Down the steep, shabby stairs ran Cinderella, properly mindful of silken skirts and bronze pumps with fetching curved heels.

At the corner, Pasquale, blinking a bit in the ardent May sunlight, shut his eyes completely at the vision.

"Ah, festa, signorina?" he inquired jocosely. "So? Festa an' a flower! Take-a-a!"

With the unconscious grace of a Chesterfield, he proffered a handful of the golden jonquils. Cinderella thrust them through her girdle and smiled into the dark face. She had that rare virtue, had Cinderella, of accepting a gift in the spirit in which it was given.

"*A riverderci*," she said in her pretty, halting Italian and passed on into the crowded avenue which would take her to the park.

There are those who tell us that, in blessedly bygone days, a solitary strolling maid went but a little way before she was carried off, willy-nilly, by rogues; that even properly escorted damsels were torn, shrieking, from the midst of an armed cavalcade. To-day, these adventures are but the mainstay of the historical novel or the moving-pictures, and yet tempus, fugit along as fast as our century, has not succeeded in wiping out this sudden streak in human nature. True, the methods have changed a bit: the lash has been metamorphosed into the leer; the whip into the wink; the oath into the ogle; the gag into the gargoyle grin. And there are some who count these things as notable progress in the world's civilization!

CINDERELLA, idling through the shady paths in the park, had looked haughtily down her straight little nose until her aching eyeballs protested. A slender, swaying spray of mignonette provokes almost as many of these delicate attentions of our modern days as a flaunting cabbage rose.

Tears of rage and mortification blinding her, she turned into a seldom used bridle-path and ran—ran as she used to run at home in the Maine woods at twilight, pursued by imaginary cows and bears and dreadful gnome-like creatures—ran until the last hideous gargoyle of them all was left far behind; ran—straight into the arms of a very tall, well-set-up young man who had hastily rounded a curve in the path at just this psychological moment.

Gently, almost reluctantly, this tall young man, breathing quickly as if he, too, had been running, loosed his hold of Cinderella.

"Why, Miss Kincaid!" he said, looking eagerly under the white chip hat. "What luck brought you here? I called at the house yesterday and was told you had left town for the summer. A little shopping expedition, eh?"

Generations of truth-telling New England forebears rose up instantly in Cinderella and sternly bade her renounce Miss Kincaid and her shopping, also any acquaintance with this gray-eyed stranger with the deep, deep voice which made delicious thrills run up and down one's green-clad spine. The serpent which tempted Eve must have had a voice like that.

Poor little Cinderella had just as much Eve in her as you have. Here was a chance to be Somebody Else, right in her grasp—a delightful Somebody named Kincaid, a charming, well-bred girl who spent the summer out of town, an attractive, lovable girl at whom men looked only with wistful deference in their gray eyes—a very, very different look—

She shivered at the memory of those other looks; then impulsively she held out her soft, little hand.

"But, of course! Shopping is always with us. But what are you doing in town yourself on a Saturday afternoon? Didn't you hear the sylvan call of the Country Club?"

Quaking in every nerve, she yet marveled at the light gaiety of her own voice. Was it so fatally easy to lie, then, once you began? Had she turned brazen actress all in a moment?

The tall man laughed, still holding her hand.

"Well, if you must have it, I've only heard one call since I met you last Monday night," he said, and the color rushed into his lean face. "I—I'm rather a duffer at the social game, you know; 'Cozy-corner Hardinge,' the fellows at the club call me—seldom can be dragged out of it, you understand—but after Monday night and—and our talk together—oh, you understand what I want to say, don't you?"

"Oh, don't!" gasped Cinderella. "It's—it's so—so soon, isn't it?"

She meant to play fair, she told herself hotly. She wouldn't listen while he made love to a bogus Miss Kincaid, but what was the harm in letting him deceive himself just a wee bit of a while longer?

"I—I suppose it is," he said slowly, relinquishing her hand. "Forgive me, but when you've gone lonely all your life—"

"Listen!" broke in Cinderella, perceiving the danger of impersonating further the fatally charming Miss Kincaid. "Don't you want to play a game with me this afternoon? I—I was horribly lonely, too, and I made up my mind to be—Somebody Else—and go to Arcady in search of Romance. I—rather think I'll be a princess."

"And live in a palace ever after?"

"Perhaps," agreed Cinderella hesitatingly, "but the whole, beautiful world is palace enough, isn't it? Palaces don't count for much—in Arcady. Will you go—or would you rather go out to the Country Club, after all?"

His steady eyes answered her in no uncertain manner. Cinderella took off the chip hat and laughed deep in her white throat.

"Remember, then," she warned him blithely, "that Miss Kincaid is no more. In Arcady we have no use for pretences. Do you mind if I call you 'Say' occasionally?"

"Not at all, but you will find I shall come without calling," replied the erstwhile cosy-corner inmate promptly. In some subtle fashion, the man had changed. His broad shoulders were erect; his air of gentle melancholy had gone; a flashing smile showed the gleam of his white teeth under the crisp, dark mustache.

Cinderella stole a look at him and drew a long breath. In the weary years to come, when the real Miss Kincaid and this gray-eyed man sat by their cosy fire and scorned or pitied her for her shameless grasp at happiness, perhaps to comfort her in her loneliness would come a memory of these cool, green aisles among the trees and of the care-free hours spent there—a little oasis of pleasantness in all the dreary desert of the humdrum years.

"Then—on to Arcady!" she said.

ARCADY! Who may describe it? To youth, it is the joyous concrete Present; to middle age it is the nebulous Future; to eyes dim with years, it is the reminiscent Past. But it is of the spirit always.

And down its enchanting ways wandered the man and the maid. They jested by the side of tinkling brooks, edged in brave array of adders' tongues and violets; they strolled in companionable silence beneath mighty oaks arching over their heads, checkered sunlight filtering through the leaves and turning Cinderella's brown head to gold, for the white chip hat dangled aimlessly from a loop of velvet ribbon, clutched in a careless little hand.

When the shadows lengthened on the grass, they had a delicious meal in the quaintly pretty Japanese tea-house on the slope of a hill, and sunset found them seated on the soft turf of its summit.

They were very quiet. Long banners of rose and amber and chrysoprase streamed in the western heaven. Over

WITH THE UNCONSCIOUS GRACE OF A CHESTERFIELD, HE PROFFERED A HANDFUL OF THE GOLDEN JONQUILS



their head, glinted one wee star, advance guard of the myriad hosts waiting to pierce the blue.

Hardinge lay on his back at the girl's feet. Content held him beyond the need of words, but the quiet, for Cinderella, had a brooding menace in it, the menace of confession. Out of the recesses of her mind leaped the black and white gown, the poky little hall-room, the leprosy mirror, the long hours of work at the library. Twelve o'clock, for Cinderella, would soon strike.

She looked down, through starting tears, at the quiet figure at her feet. How like one of those drifting clouds he had come into her somber sky—and how quickly must he again sail away into those bright horizons where girls like the charming Miss Kincaid held their glittering court.

"Prince," she said slowly, looking off into the brilliant west, "Arcady is almost gone—for us. I—I have—a confession to make before I run away—"

"Why run?" demanded Hardinge lazily, his eyes closed. "Why waste energy?"

Again she swept his relaxed figure with a clouded gaze. After all, confession would spoil this perfect afternoon for both of them. He would despise her. His contempt would kill her. What if some banal old philosopher had said that open confession was good for the soul? Souls weren't hearts—

She sprang to her feet in one lithe bound.

"I sha'n't waste it—I can run very well!" she taunted him—and instantly proved it.

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PREPAREDNESS FOR WOMEN

WHAT HALF A NATION CAN DO IN PEACE AND WAR

By FRANCES NEILL

PREPAREDNESS for women!—it's a big term to juggle with, and more and more is every country in the world turning to that other half of its nation, who have before only looked on in helpless horror when their men took to killing each other, to say: "What can you do? How can you help us to heal our wounds, to find new courage to go on, to hold intact our beloved country?"

What can women do?

War is a hideous tragedy that no one wants—women, who have sons, fathers, husbands, to lose, least of all—but many things there are that come without wanting, and war is one of them. And when it comes, swift and terrible, there is no time for women to prepare themselves to help. The men in the family can fight, but the women!—what of them? Is the army, which represents only half the nation, to be the only defender? Is the other half of the nation to sit idly by, waiting for its country to stand or fall by the efforts of its men alone? England's women have said "No;" Germany's women have said "No;" and now the women of the United States are saying "No," in their own particular way.

In one little town out in Southern Illinois, the women grew up to a realization of this need by a devious route. There were three of them in the beginning: Mrs. Wheaton, tremulous with fear over her delicate baby; Marjorie Shortess, bored to death with her home town's ten uneventful streets now that she had returned from Vassar; and Sarah Copley, who simply had to learn something that would give her a chance at self-support. What they chanced upon was a Red Cross nurse, who happened to be taking her vacation at the home of one of the villagers. Incidentally, Red Cross nurses are not very different from any other nurses who have been trained in good hospitals, except that there are six thousand of them, and that they hold themselves in readiness to leave their private work and go to the front at an hour's notice in the event of war. This Red Cross nurse told them about the Course in Practical Nursing given by the Red Cross, and in which any Red Cross nurse was empowered to act as instructor.

"All you have to do is to write to the national headquarters of the Red Cross at Washington, D. C.," she told them, "and they will send you a booklet giving all the details."

"Will you teach us?" demanded Marjorie Shortess eagerly.

And since this particular nurse was interested in the campaign for a wider education in home and personal

hygiene, and because she was generous enough to be willing to give up part of her vacation, she answered, "Yes," quite as enthusiastically as Marjorie Shortess had asked.

"Well, then, don't tantalize us by making us wait for details. Tell us now," put in Sarah Copley. "That is, if it isn't going to be too expensive. If it is, I'm afraid I'll have to drop out."

"It's not expensive, at all," answered the nurse. "The Red Cross fixes the maximum payment for the nurse who gives the course, at three dollars a lesson, so that I couldn't charge you more if I wanted to. You must get up a class of twenty women—twenty is the maximum, and ten the minimum—then each person will only have to pay fifteen cents a lesson. There are fifteen lessons, all based on the 'Red Cross Textbook on Elementary Hygiene and Home Care of the Sick.' This costs one dollar, and it would be preferable for every student to have her own book, but this is not really necessary. Several of you can share one if you want to. Then the only other expense is the fifty cents each one of you has to pay to the Red Cross to cover the incidental expenses incurred by them, the examiner's fee, and the cost of the certificate."

"The certificate?" inquired Mrs. Shortess.

"Yes, at the end, there is an examination given, and each one who passes receives a Red Cross certificate naming her as Practical Nurse."

UM!" said Sarah Copley, musingly. "Then if I took it, Dr. Faxton might be able to use me on convalescent cases and with partial invalids who had no acute trouble?"

The nurse nodded confirmation, and five minutes later all three women were on their way to enroll seventeen other women who might be as eager as themselves for this

most practical kind of work-a-day knowledge. Of course, they secured them. Once the details were known around the village, more applications came in than they could honor. Two days later they sent in their application with a check for ten dollars to cover their combined fees, and in another week they had their first lesson.

"It is a whole hospital course in tabloid form!" exclaimed one of the enthusiastic women by the time they had had half a dozen lectures. Each lesson lasted for an hour and a half, with one-half of the period devoted to theoretical instruction and the other half to practical work and demonstrations, and all phases of practical nursing were touched upon—bacteria, causes and transmission of disease, care of food, water, ice, ventilation, heating, lighting, soil, sewage, garbage, the laundry, personal hygiene, hygiene of



SOME FIRST-AID STUDENTS LEARNING THE ART OF BANDAGING

infancy and childhood, bed-making, general care of a sick person, the use of simple sick-room appliances, symptoms of disease, the household medicine-chest.

It was Sarah Copley who sensed the far-reaching application of this Practical Nurses' Course. She had been reading aloud, from the prospectus describing the course, the paragraph in which the Red Cross defines its object:

The object of this course is to teach women personal and household hygiene in order that they may acquire those habits of right living which will aid in the prevention of sickness and the upbuilding of a strong and vigorous people, and to give them simple instruction in the care of the sick in their own homes which will fit them to render intelligently such service as may be safely entrusted to them.

As she read the last word, she looked up to see the other half dozen women who had already assembled at this last class lecture all smiling at her. "Do you realize," she said thoughtfully, "that the Red Cross was organized for war purposes, and that an activity in peace time, such as this home nursing course, is designed to prepare women for some sort of health service

American women shall be classed as other than resources. There are almost as many first-aid courses being given as there are courses in home nursing. These are held by a physician rather than a nurse, but, otherwise, the procedure as to application and enrollment is practically the same. And the holder of the first-aid Red Cross certificate is no longer the inefficient, helpless being so far as life and death are concerned. She knows the structure of the body and where it is liable to break; she knows the different kinds of bandages, splints, and stimulants, and their proper application; she can stop hemorrhages, external and internal; she is familiar with the reviving methods employed in cases of choking, croup, smothering, asphyxiation by gas, drowning; she knows how to treat unconsciousness, fainting; she knows the necessary treatment for chill from exposure, for foreign bodies in the eye, ear, or nose; for indigestion,

nausea, hiccough; and she is an extremely valuable individual to have along on-automobile trips, picnics, vacations, outings of any kind. She knows exactly what to do in any sort of an accident. Many of the Young Women's Christian Associations through the country have organized these first-aid courses under the auspices of the Red Cross. A textbook, "First Aid to the Injured, Woman's Edition," is sold by the Red Cross for this course for thirty cents.

A FIRST-AID CLASS IN THE NEW YORK

Y. W. C. A.

The names of the women who have taken this course in addition to the one on home nursing are kept on file at Red Cross headquarters, and any who have given evidence of special qualifications in any sort of hospital service, may, in war time, be asked to serve in hospital units or similar formations. These two courses are also often given together under the title of "A Special Course of Instruction for Women. Intended as a Preparation for Service in the Event of War." The first ten lessons are

given by a Red Cross nurse, and the last five by a physician.

But, even with the thousands of our women who have taken these courses and so have consciously or unconsciously brought themselves a little nearer to efficient

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THE PROPER WAY TO PUT ON A SPLINT

when war does come? They couldn't afford to be doing it otherwise."

It was an aspect of the situation that none of the other women had seen before, but now that Sarah Copley's quick mind had pointed it out to them, they saw the reasonableness of it.

Sarah Copley was right. The Red Cross reasons that for every home managed by a woman who knows and practises the simple health rules, there will be one more family vigorous enough to serve its country in time of war, and also that such a woman would have enough knowledge to give some sort of simple service in a rest camp for the wounded or a convalescent home.

But the Red Cross does not stop here in its goal of preparedness for women. A nation usually stands or falls in time of war, according to the limits of its resources, and the Red Cross does not intend that the many millions of



THE DOCTOR STANDS AT EXTREME RIGHT DIRECTING THE RESUSCITATION OF A SUPPOSEDLY DROWNED YOUNG WOMAN

The "Old-Maid" Sister

I AM twenty-six years of age and the eldest of six sisters.

"I earn my own living, getting what is considered, here, a fairly good salary, but have saved nothing, my spare money going to help dress and educate my younger sisters. In fact I have denied myself many of the things which other girls enjoy, in order that my father's burdens might, in some measure, be made lighter.

"When little outings and pleasures have come our way, I have stepped back to allow some one else to enjoy them, saying, 'You go and enjoy yourself. I would rather finish my book,' or some such excuse. It was not that I did not enjoy such things, simply that it was necessary, for some one had to stay home, and I allowed that somebody to be I.

"Now I am simply left out of everything! 'Oh, Margaret won't care to go. She would rather poke around at home,' or 'Margaret does not care for this,' or 'for that,' and I am not asked. This is not only occasionally; it is all the time.

"I am openly called the 'old maid' of the family, although I do not look older than my sisters. They gaily introduce 'our old-maid sister' to all, men and women alike, and confidentially warn the young men to beware of Margaret 'for she does not like men, you know.' They give people the impression that I have never yet found a man I considered good enough for me, nor ever will, nor ever want to. My sisters are really cruel in their—to them—good-natured teasing.

"The older set are marrying and getting homes and interests of their own. To the younger set, I am the girls' old-maid sister. For various reasons, I cannot leave home to find new interests and friends of my own.

"I suppose I should be contented with my lot. My sisters love me dearly and come to 'Margaret' for advice in everything. I would not do anything to destroy the influence I hold over them.

"I know I have been to blame; but am I always to be the old maid of the family, lonely and heart hungry? Or is there a way out?"

What Can I Do?

Third Prize Winner

OF four girls I am the oldest. At eighteen, I was an attractive girl, wholly un-worldly-wise; and one never-to-be-forgotten day, I eloped with and married a handsome chap who turned my head with his wonderful promises.

"Three years of hardship and cruelty unforgivable compelled me to return to my home, with a wee daughter but a few months old. But for her, I would probably have ended it all rather than to have suffered the humility of returning to the village of my birth.

"Mother and Father received me kindly, but not so my sisters. I was made to feel that I was a disgrace, unwelcome, and two of my sisters especially shunned and avoided me so completely I was utterly miserable. Heartbroken as

OUR HUMAN PROBLEM PRIZE CONTEST

This is the second group of prize-winning letters in our contest. Each represents the pressing problem of some woman's life. Whether the difficulty be one of the big tragedies of existence or the little, petty annoyances which gall us into inadequacy, unhappiness, or utter discouragement, the need for a solution remains the same.

I was, I shunned company and rarely went out. As the girls were still in school and occupied with young gaieties, I gradually assumed more and more of the housework.

"Then, when I was twenty-two, a high-school class-mate, who had been west for his health, suddenly appeared. During the summer months which followed, we spent many pleasant hours together and I grew to feel more like my old self. When fall came, however, my sister, next younger, returned from a several weeks' visit to cousins. Immediately, in her independent and important way, she appropriated W—. At first, he tried to protest at arrangements for tennis, rides, and other pleasure jaunts in which I was counted out. Although barely two years older, there was baby, and I was made to feel and appear as anything but a girl.

"The outcome of it all was that, the next June, W— became my brother-in-law. I did not care particularly, as I was not anxious to marry again at that time—but it made me feel lonelier than ever.

"A year or so later, an opportunity came to me through friends to go away from home and earn my living. In a new environment, I gained in looks and in every way. Having to meet and mingle with people again was a great help; I became less morbid and more interested in living.

"A little over two years ago, my little daughter suddenly became very ill. I phoned for the nearest physician, who proved to be the college chum of a friend. As he had to call regularly for some six weeks, we naturally became quite well acquainted; and after my daughter was well again, he continued to call frequently.

"Since then, we've seen a great deal of each other. He knew of my first marriage and I felt that we understood each other, although there was nothing definite—no actual engagement. Perhaps marriage would not be possible for some time, but I had his companionship and was content.

"Then, last October, my youngest sister, aged nineteen, a very pretty girl, came to live with me while taking a special course in music. The Doctor was always ready to act as escort whenever possible, and we had some good times. Sister loves life and gaiety, dancing, the theater, anything of the sort; so our quiet evenings, which had been spent in reading and talking, soon became a thing of the past.

"We were rarely, if ever, alone, and, little by little, I seemed to have to take second place. When we were out together, I was usually the silent one; so, lately, I have come to feel that three is a crowd.

"Unhappiness was the result, but I said nothing and looked forward to the holidays, when I thought we would be alone.

"The week before Christmas, however, in spite of Mother's disappointment, L— decided to spend her vacation in the city. My work would not allow me to go. I thought, but may have imagined it, that the Doctor looked really pleased the night she announced her decision.

"Last month, January, I became ill with the grippe. For three weeks, I was unable to go out. L— naturally had to answer the bell and she has continued to do so ever since. On several occasions during these weeks, we could have had an evening together at home, but for her teasing

to see some particular show to which we had perhaps spoken of going. Charming and pretty, she has an appealing way that usually wins out. To be sure, I was consulted, but felt that whether I cared or not made very little difference.

"L—— openly shows how much she likes the Doctor—calls him endearing names. She is young, pretty, but frivolous and selfish.

"I have learned my lesson in a hard, hard school and know that, of the two, I would make the better wife. My question is: What shall I do? How can I assert myself, or, if I can't hold my own, should I remain quiet and heartbroken to the end?"

Can She Remain Sweet-Hearted?

Second Prize Letter, \$15.00

YOUR March editorial interested me very much. I have a problem which seems to loom up larger and larger and become more difficult to bear all the time. I am only twenty-two years old, but I am deaf. The affliction has come upon me gradually since I was a girl in the early teens and resulted from catarrh that my parents thought I would outgrow; so I was never taken to a doctor. As no one suspected that I was becoming deaf, I was frequently punished for being inattentive at school, although I was never a dull student. Right here, I'd like to sound a warning note to parents: Don't punish an inattentive child until you find out the 'why,' and if a child shows the least tendency toward not hearing, take him to a good doctor immediately. Because my parents did not recognize the necessity of spending a few dollars for medical treatment for my catarrh when I was young, I am doomed to spend my life in that great silent desert that no one but a deaf person knows about.

"My greatest ambition has always been an education. We always seem to hitch our wagons to the most inaccessible star. Looking back, now, I don't understand how I got through high school, but I did and with honors. All of my teachers helped me by allowing me to make up the recitation work with written work. Of course, when I didn't hear the class work, I missed much, but I learned well what was in the text-books.

"College had always been before me as the next thing, but by the time I was ready for higher work, I had become so deaf that school work was well-nigh impossible. I did try it for a few months but had to give it up.

"Now, my great problem is, how am I going to earn my way in the world when doors are closed to the deaf, and how am I going to go that way cheerfully? Cheer seems to have been one of my many hereditary traits, but my stock runs pretty low sometimes, and I am becoming so sensitive and shy that I don't enjoy going out among other young people.

"I have always looked forward to marriage as my goal in life; but don't you see how I am barred from even meeting young men? No deaf person can make good impressions. Boys seem to avoid a deaf girl as a cat does the water, and I can't really blame them; but how am I to meet the 'right man'? Home-making is one of my talents, cooking and sewing are pleasures, and the care of children—I

WHAT SOLUTIONS CAN YOU SUGGEST?

Can you solve the problems which front the writers of these letters? We will pay \$15 for the best solution submitted to us before July 20th for any one problem, and \$5 each for all others which we deem worthy of printing. It is not necessary to be a subscriber to compete, and you may send in a solution for one or all of the problems.

can't begin to tell you how happy I am to be around children; even a dirty Mexican baby seems lovable to me. They say that home-loving hearts are happiest; does it do any good to love a make-believe home, until you are almost crazy from wanting it so much?

"I am afraid I am wandering from the subject. Tell me, Dear Editor, how am I going to go through maybe fifty years of life this way and keep sweet? I won't become crabbed and soured as so many deaf people do, but what is your receipt for perpetual sunshine when the clouds hang thick as hops? I know I ought to 'turn my clouds about to show the silver lining,' but just how is it done? I am a strong, healthy, athletic girl, but I must shift for myself. Just at present I

sew for a large art shop, but that work pays poorly and is not steady. I dare not sew for a living—although I can do good dressmaking—because my eyes can't stand it. It seems as if all the work that I have a special liking and knack for is work that I am hindered in doing by my physical limitations.

"So far, I have been able to live each day just as it comes, but, oh, the long years ahead of me, and the day which is sure to come, when I won't be able to hear a single sound! Can't you help me? I have tried every known 'treatment' but none has given me any permanent help. One of the hardest things for me is not being able to hear and appreciate music. I come from a musical family, but I don't even try to sing any more because I cannot tell whether my tones are pitched correctly or not. I don't mind my not singing but I do miss not being able to hear the music of others.

"There are lots of bright spots in my life and I am usually as happy as the next fellow. I have splendid friends who are willing to 'interpret' for me and help me out, but, you see, I want to help myself and not depend on some one else to hear for me. I don't want to be a burden to any one. There's the rub, for if I knew that I might always be independent of others, so far as income is concerned, I don't think the future would look so dreadful. It is the bothersome old deaf woman that I don't want to become."

A Girl's Problem

I AM an Italian girl, and I know that my problem must also be faced by hundreds of other girls in my position. I am just twenty years old. I came to this country ten years ago, and went to school here, and, in fact, was brought up more as an American than as a foreigner. My tastes and ideas are, therefore, very much like those of most of my American friends. Now, here is the problem which faces me at present.

"My parents, although they educated me to the best of their ability, have not yet learned the English language; so that whenever I have friends visiting me, I feel very much embarrassed because my people cannot talk to them, and my parents, in turn, feel slighted because they are 'out of it' when some fun is going on.

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AMERICA'S SOCIETY WOMEN AT PLAY



MISS Muriel Conkling, sitting on sand at left; beside her, Mrs. Thomas J. Ryan. Miss Conkling, who lives in New York City with her grandmother, Mrs. Eastman Johnson, is one of the most popular of the younger set. She is the daughter of Mrs. Alfred Conkling.



MISS Harriet Post, at left, and, at right, Mrs. Vincent Astor. Mrs. Astor, who was Helen Huntington before her marriage, is a great lover of all outdoor sports and is a tennis enthusiast. She and her young husband grew up together on adjoining estates.

MRS. Craig Biddle (in bathing suit), at left, belongs to Philadelphia's most exclusive social set and is known as one of the most beautiful women of the city. Both she and her husband are descended from families whose history is coincident with the founding of the Quaker City. Mrs. Biddle is a lover of the outdoors.

MISS Rosamund Lancaster of Boston, at right, is on her way to a dip in the ocean at Palm Beach, and, in line with the rivalry that always exists at Palm Beach for original creations in stockings, is wearing hose that are distinctly individual. Her suit was of blue and her collar and cuffs trimmed with white flannel.



MRS. Jack Rutherford, at left, of Tuxedo Park, New York, is here reviving an old sport. She is one of the leaders in the exclusive Tuxedo Park colony.

THE scene at the right shows Miss Lancaster again, this time acting before the operator's camera in the film play which was taken at Palm Beach, and which was not only acted, but planned, by the society people themselves.



THE IDLE HOURS OF THE "IDLE RICH"



ABOVE is Mrs. Alexander D. B. Pratt of New York City, just stepping into her beach-chair at Palm Beach, preparatory to taking a ride. Mrs. Pratt, although interested in no special sport, usually winters at Palm Beach. She is noted for her novel costumes and will go down in New York society's history for her impersonation of Isis in the Beaux Arts "Ball of the Gods" at the Astor in February.

BICYCLE riding, automobiling, swimming, walking, beach-chairs, all have their devotees, but dancing, as ever, remains the most popular amusement. At the right, is Miss Nancy W. B. Brewster of Baltimore, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin H. Brewster, Jr. They have a beautiful estate, "Scrooby Manor," at Rogers Station, Maryland, but usually spend their winters at Palm Beach. Miss Brewster's favorite sport is horseback riding—the most popular diversion of the Green Spring Valley set to which she belongs.



MRS. Arthur Carroll, at left, is a well-known figure in social circles at Bar Harbor. Although interested in many of the outdoor sports of her friends, the beach is her favorite playground, as her attractive costume in this picture attests. It is on the beach that one sees society in its least formal mood, and the costumes worn exhibit the greatest latitude. Yet, for all that, the conspicuous or extreme is consistently avoided by the woman of social importance. Mrs. Carroll is a daughter of Mrs. Clermont L. Best of New York City.



HARDLY a morning passes that Mrs. Frederick T. Frelinghuysen does not enjoy a spin on her bicycle when at Palm Beach. Her real enthusiasm, however, is for horses; but horses are the diversion of her Long Island home where she lives for the major portion of each year. In fact, she is one of the best known members of the outdoor social set on Long Island. Before her marriage, she was Miss Mai D. Watson, daughter of Mrs. Walter Watson of New York City.



ABOVE is another scene from the Society Film Play taken at Palm Beach. The film was afterwards exhibited privately a few times and then destroyed. In this picture, the hero is just on the point of taking off the heroine in his hydroplane. The rehearsing and acting of the play was the most exciting and interesting event of the Palm Beach season to performers and spectators alike.

THE WISHING LAKE

By MYRA G. REED

Illustrated by MARY LANE McMILLAN

MIDWAY down-stairs, Betts heard her aunt's voice and stopped. What a curious tone it had in it—certainly one she had never heard before. It was almost young; and amusement, enjoyment, were surely there.

"Don't you fail; you must not fail!" she was saying eagerly.

Curious, now, Betts hastened her steps; but as she came into the room, Miss Peabody turned hastily away from the side door where she had been standing. Her cheeks were pink; for a moment she was almost pretty.

Betts looked out of the door wonderingly and met only the clear gaze of the morning. Her eyes came back to her aunt, but, even if her confusion of a moment before had not been an illusion, she was quite herself, now, and said composedly: "Good morning, Betts, didn't you sleep well, last night? You look tired."

Betts hesitated. Before the subject was changed she would have liked to know what mysterious individual had been at the side door, but in the Peabody family, one never asked questions. "Yes, I slept well enough, thank you. I suppose I'm regretting the ending of my vacation."

Her aunt glanced at her with unusual tenderness, almost with wistfulness, although when Betts looked up, she spoke quickly in her ordinary tone: "Well, my dear, and have you enjoyed your vacation?"

"Yes, indeed," Betts answered, politely and mechanically; but, inwardly, her soul felt suddenly sickened. Indeed, she hadn't enjoyed her vacation. Since she had been here in the old home and had had time to think about herself she had discovered, with a vaguely disapproving self-pity, that she didn't enjoy anything at all, any more.

Miss Peabody sighed. "I never will get over thinking it was all a mistake, your going. At least, it hasn't made you happy," she continued boldly.

Betts laughed, then. "My dear aunt, I make all the money I can possibly use; I love my apartment in New York; I have hosts of interesting and amiable friends: for what more could any one ask?"

"And if you had stayed, you would have had a home, and babies, and a husband." She spoke the last word softly. "Doesn't it overbalance the other, at all? Jerry—"

BUT Betts interrupted. "Aunt Peabody—Jerry again! Won't you ever forget him? If I didn't know you so well, I'd say you were hopelessly romantic. Anybody can have a husband. They're not interesting."

Miss Peabody flushed again ever so slightly. She started to leave the room, but, as if remembering something, came back and kissed her niece.

Betts was passive with amazement. There certainly was something very strange about her this morning—this inexpressive aunt of hers, whose very presence in the room had made her, as a child, feel hopelessly stiff and prim. "I'm sure she has never had her body warmed by an emotion in her life," she thought, vaguely sympathetic. And then she laughed, an empty, hollow little laugh, and addressed the goldfinch who sat in his cage, gazing knowingly at her; "You must say 'how do you do' to me. I am your Aunt Peabody the second."

She heard her aunt coming into the dining-room again and slipped hastily out of the side door. Outside, it was spring, and the air was sweet with the moist earthy breath of young green things just pushing their way up through the ground. She breathed it in gratefully. Then she happened to glance down at her feet, and immediately in front of them was a man's footprint, and in front of that another

one, and then another, and so on, stretching back through the garden as far as she could distinguish. It was the conspirator of the morning, the one who had had such a curious effect upon her aunt; Betts was sure of it. She poked up the dirt around one footprint with her own dainty suede pump. The foot that fitted it was square-toed and fairly large, she decided, but not square-toed enough or large enough to belong to any of the gardener's men.

Stepping gingerly between the orderly hills of potatoes that were already up, Betts matched her own feet beside those of the mysterious man who had preceded her across the garden, until she got to the fence. There she stopped, but three yards beyond on the other side the footsteps started off again across the field, now disappearing in a tuft of grass and again reappearing with startling distinctness in a bit of soft earth. Betts gazed curiously after their straight trail and then looked tentatively at the stone fence. Glancing around to be sure no one was within sight, she vaulted it hastily, and started off in pursuit again. "He is a city man because he wears city shoes; and he must have run all the way across this field judging from the distance between the steps, and he actually made Aunt Peabody's voice sound eager," she summarized; and then she stopped.

"How perfectly silly I am," she thought suddenly, "chasing this way after a lot of footprints—just because they're not the gardener's." She turned and started slowly back for the house, but, all at once, the spring had lost its recently acquired savor. Her vacation was over, and she was going back to her busy life in the city just where she had left it three weeks before.

I SAW a wrinkle between my eyebrows this morning," she remarked irrelevantly, and then she turned around again and ran across the field, each time trying to fit her foot into the man's footprint. "I don't care," she explained to herself; "Aunt Peabody's manner was very mysterious this morning, and this man person who is the cause of it just must be interesting. Besides," she added, in strict honesty, "I'm going to pretend for this one day that I'm young again. I'm going to pretend, as I used to, that at the very next turn I make the fairies may be there with the bowl of life from which I may choose the biggest, happiest, painfulest thing in it—whatever that may be," she finished solemnly. And then she forgot that she was twenty-seven and skipped—she, Betts Peabody, dignified and successful business woman by profession and by birth the last of a line of Peabody women ancestors who had been solemnly ushered into life, had grown up conventionally, had been solemnly courted, married, and had babies, and died without wonder or question; or, what was more usual, had slowly but inexorably slid into an unresponsive spinsterhood, with many inward regrets, it is true, but, outwardly, exhibiting only pride at their escape from the selfish demands of a man—but she did not know that she had skipped.

And now, suddenly, she looked down and saw that the footprints were gone. She had entered the woods, whereas they merely skirted them. Just ahead of her was the river gleaming silver now and then through the swaying trees. "I'll come back later," she whispered, and went on to the old soggy unsteady log bridge that had been there ever since she could remember. And then she was across and in River Lane itself. With the stream only a few feet wide, the century-old willows from either side laced their branches so that River Lane, winding in and out, ordinarily existed in a shade that was tropically indulgent of a wild riot of ferns and moss; but now the tree foliage

overhead was still young enough to encourage the sun to lighten up its dim recesses with its bright warmth.

It was even more beautiful than last year, Betts decided. As she went up the path, she took off her hat and threw back her head with a sudden sense of freedom. Just beyond was a part of an old stone wall that had marked the boundary line between Yost's and Barnes' farms until Jerry's father bought Barnes out; but, now, the old fence was partly torn down and the rest left to crumble or cover itself with vines according to its liking.

Betts sat down upon it and watched the little brook. Just here was where she and Jerry used to go in wading when they were little tots and had been expressly warned not to go near the water. She looked guiltily around. No one ever came to River Lane, anyway. "I'm going in," she

her bare feet, probably, she supposed. She sat down hastily on the stone wall and tried to cover them up with her skirts.

"I suppose you wish I'd go away and let you put your shoes on, but I'm not going to do it. I'm going to stay and talk to you for a while."

Betts looked at him judicially. He certainly seemed bigger, and his bones had a more determined set than they used to have.

He gazed back at her calmly. "Well, do I suit?"

Betts blushed ever so little, and then she put out her hand impulsively. "Jerry, it's good to see you again."

Jerry grasped, with startling fervor, the hand she extended. "Betts, it's been four years." He still held her hand as he looked at her closely, yearningly. "You've changed a lot. I don't know you any more, do I, Betts?"



WHEN SHE HASTILY DREW IN ONE
TOE, SO DID HE. "COLD, ISN'T IT?"
HE REMARKED CHEERFULLY

concluded, "even though the water probably is icy cold." Two minutes later, her shoes and stockings were off and she was tentatively inserting one toe.

Then she happened to glance up the creek and there, not ten yards away, was a man, a young, broad-shouldered, very much tanned young man engaged in the very same occupation. When she hastily drew in one toe, so did he. "Cold, isn't it?" he remarked cheerfully.

Betts half turned away, and then she looked back at him earnestly, "Jerry Yost," she said with dignity, "why didn't Aunt Peabody tell me you were here?"

Jerry came slowly down toward her. "Do you mind as much as all that, really?" he asked.

"Of course, I don't mind as much as all that," Betts mimicked. She felt a little embarrassed, somehow—over

She shook her head. "I'm a successful business woman, now, Jerry."

"But the same little girl underneath somewhere, I am sure."

She shook her head, feeling a sudden self-pity for that spirit of long ago that had fled from her; and, yet, there were times—this morning, for instance, she had felt curiously out of tune with the shell she had laboriously built up around herself. Looking up suddenly, she caught Jerry's eyes upon her, and in them the expression of that summer four years back when he had reminded her, at least three days out of every seven, that he wanted her to be his wife. She drew back in alarm and just saved herself from her oft-repeated outburst of old: "Jerry, if you don't stop being sentimental, I won't speak to you again for two hours," to

say primly: "I think I must be getting back; it's probably almost luncheon time."

But Jerry's voice, as he answered, was merely friendly, and Betts thought she must surely have been mistaken about his eyes, they looked so very cool and disinterested. "Why, it isn't half past ten, yet. But your feet are probably freezing. Mine are, I know. Let's put on our shoes and stockings like proper people, and then talk about all the things that happened to us that we might have written about and never did."

Betts looked after him doubtfully as he walked up the path to his former place. It was very pleasant to see him, she decided again. She was surprised to find herself pleased over the fact that he hadn't really changed at all, only grown down deeper into himself. She sat down on the other side of the wall to put on her shoes and stockings, and then called back to him when she was ready.

AND when, may I ask, is the Business Woman going back to her business?" he called gaily as he came up.

"I won't be laughed at, Jerry Yost."

His laugh rang out happily. "That sounds just like old times. You can't deceive me any more. The old Betts is still underneath."

"No, she isn't, Jerry," she said seriously. "I realized this morning that I was a second Aunt Peabody. Do you know, nothing has any real zest any more? I just peg along trying to get through my days as fast as possible. And that's old age," she added, unconsciously wistful.

"Betts Peabody, I am ashamed of you, and only twenty-seven. But I warned you that business wouldn't be good for you."

"As if that made any difference, silly! But, of course, I couldn't be anything but joyful to-day with my old playmate back again," she finished teasingly.

He looked at her soberly. "I wish you really meant that. Please tell me why you stopped writing to me so suddenly two years ago."

Betts hesitated a moment before she spoke. "I don't suppose it does matter, now, if you know. I stopped writing because I wanted you to get interested in some girl who would marry you."

Jerry winced perceptibly, but his voice was quite steady when he spoke. "Why didn't you give me some explanation?"

"Jerry Yost, I guess I had sense enough not to do that. That would only have made you more pugnacious than ever, and you would have held on out of sheer obstinacy. Did it work, Jerry? Is there some girl?"

Jerry frowned deeply and folded his arms. "No, I don't believe there is any one girl yet," he replied judicially, "but, in some ways, it did work, of course." He smiled. "I don't believe I would propose to you now seven times a week as I used to."

"Well, I'm glad of that." Betts spoke with real conviction, but, at the same time, she had a fleeting memory that there really had been a deal of sweetness in those old days.

HE waited a moment before he spoke again. "Betts, we have the whole day before us."

"The whole day?" Betts repeated questioningly.

"Yes, don't you remember our adventure days? Let's have one, now."

"But Aunt Peabody expects me back to luncheon."

"That's all the better," said Jerry instantly. "We can be real truants, then, just as we used to be. Aunt Peabody won't really worry, she'll just be annoyed."

Betts still hesitated. She wasn't quite sure whether she wanted to or not.

"Betts, you know I didn't begin to propose to you until I was eighteen. Let's pretend I'm seventeen and you're fifteen."

Betts laughed. "All right, then; that makes it safe, I suppose. Which shall it be, one of our adventure days or a romance day?"

"A mixture," said Jerry quickly, "and I'm going to be leader because you always used to be."

Betty made a deep salaam. "Proceed, Grown-up Little Boy Chief. I'll follow wheresoever thou goest."

"To the road, then," he shouted boyishly. "We'll begin in the machine."

"The machine?" Betty queried as she followed him.

"Yes, I'm getting rich, Betsy. Doesn't it seem funny? I could have three machines if I had any use for so many."

"I, too, Jerry," Betty said solemnly. "I'm going to have one as soon as I can make the time to enjoy it." This fact of her grown-up days was somehow awesome, now that she had slipped back into another viewpoint for the moment.

They went back in single file through the woods, Betts following silently, and then, suddenly, she thought of something. Jerry's footprint was large and square-toed. "Jerry," she called quickly, "you saw my aunt this morning, didn't you?"

Jerry hesitated a moment before he said casually: "Why, yes, I believe I did catch a glimpse of her."

Betts gazed at the back of his head fixedly as if she could discern his thoughts in that way. "She didn't mention it."

"She probably thought it of too little importance," he replied airily.

"Jerry, you're up to some mischief, I know. You can't deceive me. When did you get here?"

"I haven't been home in five months until this morning."

They had come to the road by this time, and Betts climbed into the dark blue racer beside him. She could think of nothing Jerry could do to effect that strange transformation in her aunt. "As soon as I'm back, I'll find out from her, in some way," she thought briskly.

THE car started up with suddenness, and in a minute more they were whizzing down the road at a pace so fast that the country on either side was a blur. "You're not afraid, are you?" Jerry shouted.

She shook her head, because the wind was in possession of her voice. She was far from fear at that moment. A fierce exulting filled her at this swift movement through space. She could have contemplated Death around the next corner without shrinking, because it, too, would have meant, by a strange paradox, living to the full.

"Why do you stop?" she asked, some little time later, as Jerry slowed down.

He laughed. "Do you realize we're a hundred miles from home? Besides, there are chickens on this road."

Betts drew in her breath sharply. "Jerry, I really lived in that hundred miles. It's the first time in a year."

"They're not such very thick cobwebs, then, after all," he said softly.

"What do you mean, Jerry? Do I seem as old and musty as all that?"

But Jerry evaded her. "Young women with stars in their eyes shouldn't talk to drivers. They might run into a tree."

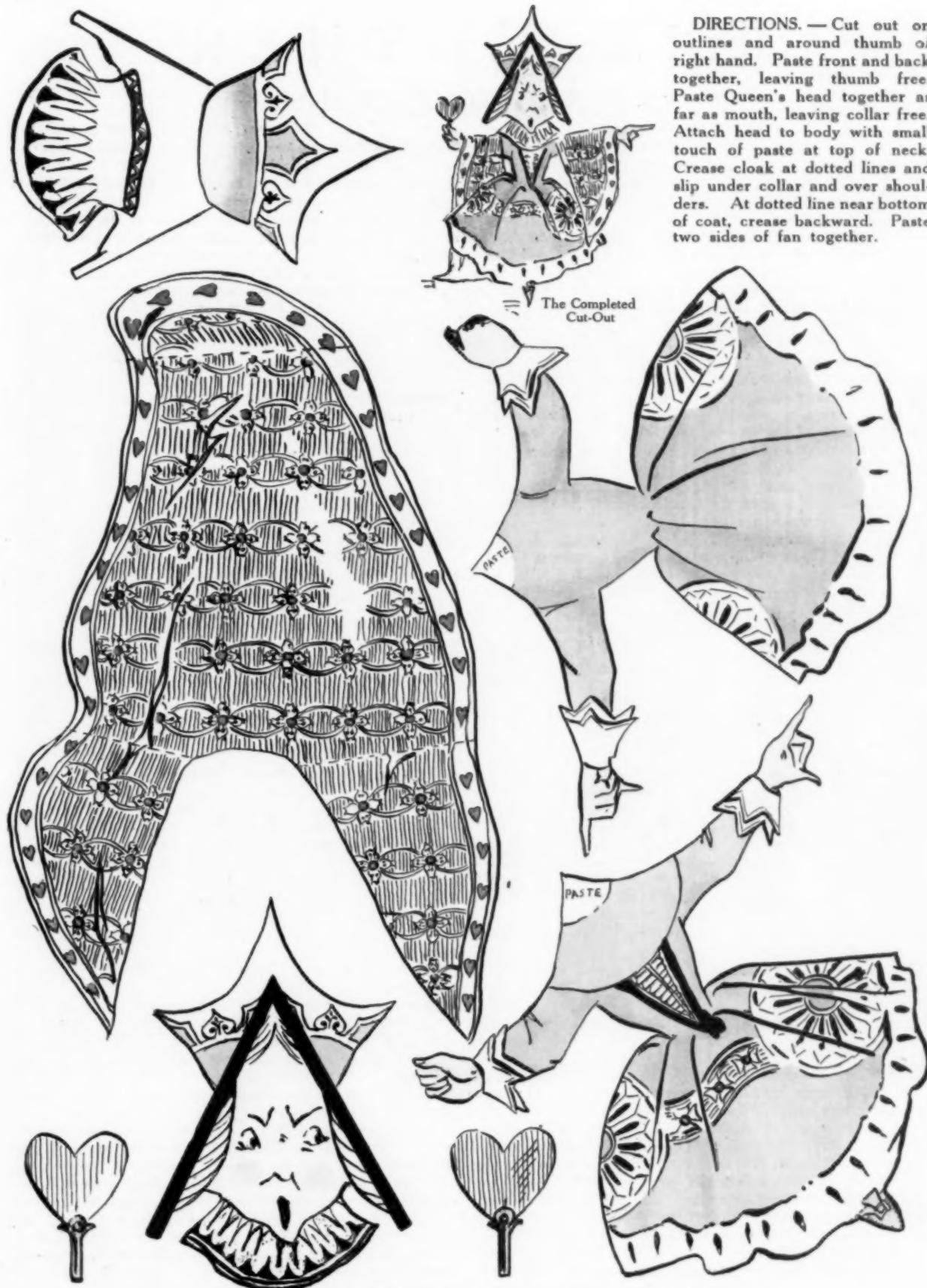
Betts leaned back in her seat contentedly. It was nice of Jerry to say that. It was nice just to be with Jerry. A dozen new friends never filled up the space occupied by one old friend. And then the machine, in the way of all machines containing a man and a maid on a journey, stopped dead. It stopped so suddenly that Betty bumped her head against the windguard.

Jerry jumped out, stayed a scant thirty seconds under the rear portions of the car, and then emerged. "Well, Betts, here's Adventure Number One all ready made for us. The car's dead."

"What is the matter with it?" It seemed impossible to believe that a vibrant thing of wind, as it had been, could possibly be really passive.

"A little of everything, I presume," Jerry answered carelessly. "It hasn't been in use for several months, you know, and wasn't expecting such a long trip."

[Continued on page 78]



THE QUEEN OF HEARTS
AN ALICE-IN-WONDERLAND CUT-OUT

Designed by RAY DUMONT

DIRECTIONS.—Cut out on outlines and around thumb of right hand. Paste front and back together, leaving thumb free. Paste Queen's head together as far as mouth, leaving collar free. Attach head to body with small touch of paste at top of neck. Crease cloak at dotted lines and slip under collar and over shoulders. At dotted line near bottom of coat, crease backward. Paste two sides of fan together.

HIS MOTHER

By A WIFE WHO LOVES HER HUSBAND

Illustrated by FRANK RAYMOND

WHEN Dick and I were married, I thought his mother (I said "Mother" from the first) was about perfect. She was kind, unselfish, generous, and seemed never so happy as when doing something for somebody. Her friends loved and admired her, and well they might, as there were few who had not profited by her hospitality and generosity. Dick was very fond of her, for which I adored him all the more. I stood a little in awe of her myself, although she had no presumptions, unless it was humility. No service seemed too humble when she could assist another, friend or stranger. She seemed so overfreighted with goodness and unselfishness that I felt small and penurious beside her.

I had always wondered why so many unkind remarks were made about mothers-in-law, and now that I had one that was perfectly fine, I resented the unjust jokes quite spiritedly.

When we started keeping house, my mother-in-law seemed inclined to bring us everything she could pull up and cart down from her own home. I remonstrated, but without avail. She assured me she really wanted us to have them. I accepted graciously and put it down to her goodness of heart; but sometimes found it hard to be appreciative. More often than not, the things were so out-of-date that I did not know what to do with them. One crocheted chair-tidy I remember leaving on the chair where she put it, for some time; then gradually it found its way to less conspicuous places. When it had reached the depth of ignominy, she asked it back, saying it had been a gift, and she prized it highly.

I was more than glad to return it; but I could see the hurt in her face.

She took great interest in my housekeeping, was full of suggestions: I might make certain changes, and "not cost much." That was a favorite phrase.

I TOOK it kindly, though not enthusiastically. I knew I must seem wonderfully young and inexperienced in her eyes, for Dick was her youngest child, and I was still younger. But I was no novice in housekeeping. I had cooked and kept house for my mother for three years while I waited for Dick to help pay off a mortgage his overgenerous parents had failed to pay for themselves. Dick was proud of my housekeeping as well as my cooking, and was glad when his relatives dropped in unexpectedly and always found things in order and a good dinner.

I learned many things from my mother-in-law which I gladly adopted, but, subconsciously, I felt she expected me to fall in line with her suggestions oftener than I did. Yet she was sweet about it and did not openly press her opinions. I did not realize then, nor for years later, that the inclination to have a "finger in my pie" was the hand upon the wall writing "tragedy" for me.

Twelve sweet, short, honeymoon years, Dick and I had our home to ourselves. That was probably the only thing that prevented overwhelming disaster. By that time, we understood each other, and loved so deeply there was no place for a separating wedge. We had had our sorrow and hard times; but they only united. A little grave in the cemetery held our first born, and we had climbed from nothing up to a snug little home, all paid for, and the living expenses for two children and ourselves kept up punctually.

Then Dick's mother was left with no income. Although there was scant room to spare, she must come to us. I had a premonition, a cheerless foreboding, but I thrust it away as too selfish and ignoble to be entertained when one so

kind and generous was concerned, and burned my bridges by telling Dick to have her come.

His arm stole around me in his lover-like way as he said: "My dear, it is sweet of you! I have been wondering what could be done. There seems to be no other way, but I could not bring myself to ask you to share your home with her. Sweetheart, I appreciate this!"

At this, my generosity leaped into magnanimity. Secretly, I vowed that my mother-in-law should always be welcome, as welcome as my own mother. It was well the vow was made in behalf of the one that had left father and mother to cleave to me. Had my own mother been responsible for the harrowing days, months, years that followed, she would have received scant welcome. But, for love's sake—and what won't a woman bear for love?—they have been borne.

DO not think my mother-in-law suddenly developed into an orgy-loving despot. By no means. She brought all the kind, generous traits with her that had made her a favorite in earlier life, intensified, no doubt, by age and a feeling that she must make herself invaluable lest she become the undesirable "fifth wheel."

Those first days beggar description. I endeavored to shield her, and she persisted in serving me. I loved her and wanted to make her life with us happy and care-free; she had always worked hard. I also had various notions about treating age with deference which amounted almost to reverence. She was to have the most comfortable of everything, do only the light tasks; while the children should be taught to wait upon her—bring her spectacles, footstool, or whatever they might. She should be free to do what she liked in her own way. There should be no crestfallen old lady in my house, staying lonesomely in her room because she was not allowed to help in her old-fashioned way.

May heaven be kind to those of good intentions, and give them credit for starting out bravely!

My mother-in-law had not been with us a week before I saw I should have to exert every effort, or become the "fifth wheel" myself, in my own home. Generous, thoughtful, helpful, the words poorly describe her. She was all of these and more. Her goods were fairly heaped upon me, and in so kind a spirit it was hard to stand up under them and maintain any personality.

"Now, here's my vinegar-jug I brought down. It's larger and better than the bottle you use, just empty your vinegar right into it." Her tone was generosity itself.

I always disliked heavy, stone jugs. The vinegar was not transferred, but her disappointment disturbed me.

"I brought my rolling-pin, too. Dick's father made it nearly forty years ago. You can lay yours away. This is smaller and handier, and I'd just as soon you'd use it."

To refuse seemed like casting pearls back into the face of the giver. The rolling-pin was installed, much against my inclination. But not only were her belongings thrust upon me as better than my own, but assistance was offered, or rather given, no matter how simple the task I undertook.

"Now, this is a better way," was the favorite preliminary as she unceremoniously took the work from my hands. And when I turned away to hide my annoyance, she would say in the sweetest way: "Oh, I just wanted to help."

One day, she asked how I wanted a certain thing done. "Now," I thought, "is my chance."

"Do just as you like," I answered with alacrity. "I want you to do things your own way, always. And I'll work my way. Then we will not interfere with each other."

"But it doesn't matter to me in the least. I want to do everything just as you want it," she insisted with a most virtuous air.

Nor would she go on until I had given instructions. But no sooner were they given than she turned to me with: "It would be better if you put that meat in a larger kettle; and be careful not to salt it too much."

The baby's playthings were gathered up despite my plea that I wished to teach him to put them away. And Ethel's simple tasks were taken from her with a humoring "Grandma will do this for you," regardless of my protestations that the child was old enough to have some duties, and should do them when bidden.

dearments to which I was accustomed, and which were life to me; but which must be curtailed to the good-by kiss—for even marital love is made common by the presence of the third pair of eyes and ears. Then there was no time for the children. When they ran in, as children will do, with their little joys and sorrows, to tell mama, invariably it was "Hush, Grandma is talking now, you must wait until she is through." I wanted to teach them deference for age.

One time, after the bedtime story had been postponed from night to night because there seemed to be no time or place for it, the children became clamorous. I slipped into the cold bedroom with them, and bundling up in bed-quilts, we settled ourselves for a delicious treat, alone. But be-



"I HAVE DONE NEARLY ALL YOUR DRUDGERY; AND THIS IS ALL THE THANKS I GET FOR IT!"

Those excruciating days! They were nightmares, day-orgies, testing, torturing human patience and endurance! I tried to be good to her; and she, evidently, tried to be good to me. Heaven only knows which tried harder!

There was another thing that made life almost intolerable. Dick and I had no time alone. Never an evening could we sit together—with the kidlets tucked in—and talk over the day, and just live in each other's eyes as we had done before. His mother, although past her three score years and ten, always sat with us. No matter how late we tarried, it was she who saw that the cat was out and the door locked.

Oh, how hungry I grew for the little caresses and en-

fore our story was well launched, my mother-in-law opened the door, unannounced, and the scathing reproof I received would have made a ten-year-old tingle with resentment.

When my heart was too full for longer silence, I determined to confide in Dick. Always we had been confidants. But this was different. The trouble now was his adored mother. Did I dare? Would he see anything wrong? Would he turn against me? One night, after we had retired and my heart was bursting, I hid my face in his neck and cried. Then the story came out; but it was smoothed over, and made allowance for until I ended by blaming myself for being annoyed.

[Continued on page 62]



FIG. 1—STRAW FLOWERS ARE FASHIONABLE AND EASILY MADE



FIG. 3—THE SPORT POKE

FIG. 2—THE SMART CHINTZ HAT TO BE WORN WITH SUMMER GOWNS



FIG. 4—SIMPLICITY OF TRIMMING IMPERATIVE THIS YEAR



FIG. 5—BIRDS OF GAY PLUMAGE, EMBROIDERED FLAT, ADORN HATS

THE SPORT HAT LESSONS IN HOME MILLINERY—NUMBER XLII

By EVELYN TOBEY, Director of the Millinery Department of Columbia University

THIS summer, every woman and girl must have at least one sport hat. They are so popular and many of them are so handsome that no other kind of hat is necessary. Most of them are built on the large sailor lines, some droop like the mushroom, some poke in the front.

The checkers and the awning stripes are among the newest designs for the materials used as trimming. Chintz is as popular as ever. The stripes are placed on the frames so that they run from front to back on crown and brim. Usually, the under side of the brim is covered with straw braid.

Everyone has an old Panama, or a leghorn, or a peanut fiber hat. This is the year to get it out and use it. You can cut off the edge of the brim if it is too wide. Turn the raw edge, baste it firmly, and press it. Then sew frame wire around the edge line and bind over this with silk braid or with grosgrain ribbon. If you have a wire on the edge of the brim, you can poke the brim (Fig. 3) or can bend it down here and there to make it becoming.

If the old crown is out of date, cut it off, leaving about one and one-half inches of it extending above the head-size. If, before cutting the crown, you will stitch on the sewing-machine a line one and one-half inches above the headline, and then cut above the line of stitching, the Panama or other fiber will not fray. Bind the edge thus cut. Set on the brim a crown frame of the new style shape. This shape usually measures twenty-five inches around the base, twenty-four inches around the top of the side crown, nine inches across the top from front to back, seven inches across the top from left to right, and eight inches across the top on the intermediate lines. The side measures from two and one-half inches to three and one-half inches in height.

Now you can cover the crown with the checkers, stripes, or chintz you have selected. The covering can be fitted tight over the top (Figs. 1, 2, and 4) and the side crown

cover fitted so that the design matches the design of the top and of the brim if any is used on the brim. The crown frame can be covered, too (Figs. 3, 6, and 7), with a piece fitted tight over the top and a scarf laid around to cover and trim the side crown. Another scarf exactly like the one used to trim the crown can be made into a belt. For the hat the material ought to be six inches wide and about thirty-two inches long; the long sides are cut straight and the ends are rounded. All around the edge should be a binding of white silk dress braid about one inch wide.

THE belt for the waist can be any width you choose to have it—usually about eight inches wide and eight inches longer than the waist measure. The ends of this, too, are rounded and the entire edge bound with braid, ribbon, or a bias strip of material. The ends of the hat scarf and of the belt can be finished with a buckle (Fig. 3). To make a buckle, cut the shape from a good pattern out of buckram (see Editor's note). Sew wire all around the edge, then cover by twisting with the braid, ribbon, or bias material. If you do not wish to use a buckle, cut a straight slit, four inches long, across one end of the scarf and about five inches from the end. Bind this slit like the edge. The second end can be drawn through the slit and pinned fast in place.

The bag (Figs. 6 and 7), which further carries out the idea, is made of a strip thirty inches long and seven inches wide. This strip is cut rounding on the ends just like the scarf and belt. The edge is bound. A slit is made as described for the scarfs. The strip is then folded in three pieces, lengthwise, and two outside edges are sewed together to make a pocket (see Figs. 6 and 7); the end which has no slit is drawn through the slit to close over the top of the pocket. A dress clasp can be used to hold this flap in place. A narrow strap, one and one-half inches wide and about twenty inches long, is bound and one end sewed

[Concluded on page 80]

SMART GOWNS SEEN IN THE BOIS

INTERESTING SKIRT NOTIONS—THE NEW JENNY MODEL

By OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENT

CHÈRE AMIE: PARIS, FRANCE. The *Bois* is filled with throngs of people on these bright days; some are smartly gowned, others are not, but the ensemble, in any case, is good and typically Parisian. In the late spring there were several interesting revivals of the best among the popular plays at the theaters, and at one performance, no less than five stunning costumes were worn, from such houses as Doucet, Drécoll, Berthe-Hermance, and others. This is quite remarkable, for since the beginning of the war, scarcely an actress appearing in any play has worn more than one costume through the entire three, four, or five acts, as the case may be. You see, my dear, our interest in clothes has awakened again with the bright days of spring and early summer.

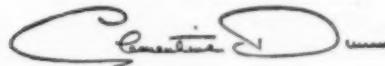
A Drécoll frock worn was especially worth mentioning; it was delightfully summery, a dainty little model of pink voile, after a design sure to be popular in your America. It had a short-waisted, gathered bodice and a round décolleté neck, filled in with a shallow yoke of lingerie. From the top of the yoke hung two cape collars of organdy on the chevalier order. The sleeves were elbow length with cuffs of white organdy. The skirt was a simple gathered affair, belted with a crush girdle of the voile and finished with shaped pockets, flaps, or tunics. It was a very simple dress, but one of those little creations which has all the distinction of the modish new gowns, tub-frocks, or more elaborate costumes. For instance, there is the rounded neck-line, the wide chevalier collar, the shallow, transparent yoke, elbow sleeves, and skirt with pocket or hip trimming, all of which are the very last words in the world of fashion. Another thing worth mentioning is the various ways the smart modistes have of finishing the lower edge of their suits and frocks. Every skirt, nearly, one may say, shows some sort of old-fashioned edging at the bottom; it may be a ruche, an edging, a scallop or a rick-rack effect. Transparent or lace edgings are also much in vogue for hem trimmings. They are being used on taffeta skirts and even on skirts of serge and other wool mixtures.

The skirt is a very important portion of the costume this season. Most skirts are gathered at the waist, even if it be but slightly. The circular model as such is *passé*; the gored circular skirt, however, is still modish. The two most original skirts of the season are the Jenny skirt, with accordion pleated upper section, reaching to a few inches above the knee, and straight under portion stitched flat to the pleats; and a side-pleated skirt, the pleats cut out over the hips and the free edges attached to a chiffon yoke and wired along the edge of joining. It sounds most ridiculous, does it not, *mon amie*, but it is really one of the successes of the season. Made of black taffeta with yoke of rose-colored chiffon, and worn with a blouse of rose chiffon, would it not be a *chic* addition to your summer wardrobe? In my sketches, I am sending you two attractive skirt models: one is pleated, the other shows an odd pointed tunic. The first model is of serge, the other of taffeta. Worn with the serge skirt is a simple blouse of chiffon; the second is a new basque, rather severe in line but very modish indeed. Coats seem to be both loose and fitted. The majority are in medium length with full basques, or in bolero style, but the three-quarter-length coat is appearing here and there, and there is a strong indication that by fall it will be one of the favorite models.

There are already some whispers of fall in the air, before we have quite completed our mid-summer arrangements. For instance, they say the keynote for fall is no flare, no bust, but plenty of hips. But of course, there is time enough for many, many things to happen in the fashion world before we have to think of fall.

Therefore, my dear, enjoy your summer thoroughly with no misgivings. Perhaps there will be something really startling to tell next time.

Votre dévouée,




SUGGESTIONS FOR THE SUMMER WARDROBE

INTERESTING SPORTS SHIRT, HATS, AND BLOUSES

By THE FASHION EDITOR

OUT-OF-DOOR sports have always been popular with the American girl, but one has never heard so much about them, or dressed so especially for them, as this season. The sports clothes idea has taken us all by storm. Whereas, however, at the very beginning of the fad, the clothes were designed for the most practical use, and only the most durable of materials were selected, with the advance of the season, effective ideas introduced in sport blouses and skirts are being duplicated in the sheerer, more summery fabrics, making a garment which may be appropriately worn for any daytime occasion.

One of the prettiest of the summer blouses is the peplum waist, cut

corded cottons, it forms a dainty tennis or golf costume. The peplum adds to the practical side of this waist, since, with its loose belt, there is no uncomfortable straining at the underarm seams, or pulling out from the skirt belt, with even the most strenuous arm movement. The typical sport shirt of the season (Figure 2) has been designed with this idea in mind, also—it is fashioned exactly like a man's shirt, with pockets, roll collar, which may be worn high or low, shirt cuffs, and shoulder yoke. It is finished at the lower edge like a man's shirt, and is left long enough so that it can not possibly pull out from the skirt.

Pongee, in natural color, is a practical and cool material for ten-



PALE PINK OR GANDY PEPLUM BLOUSE WITH TINY SILVER BUTTONS AND A NARROW BLACK RIBBON BELT



FIG. 2 — MANNISH MODEL SPORT SHIRT OF GREEN AND WHITE BLOCKED TAFFETA. ADJUSTABLE COLLAR



NATURAL PONGEE BLOUSE, ON RUSSIAN LINES, WITH NOVEL POCKETS AND DOUBLE COLLAR

on Russian or middy lines, fashioned of organdy or crêpe Georgette (Figure 1). Pale pink, Nile green, pale blue, and the varied tones of tan are among the shades favored for this blouse. It is belted in about the normal waistline with a narrow black, or colored, faille ribbon belt, finished in front with a flat cravat bow. Developed in colored organdy or crêpe, this waist combines effectively with a skirt of black satin or taffeta, and may be worn for summer afternoons. Made up in cotton voile or linen, and worn with a skirt of awning-striped linen or canvas, or with one of wash corduroy or the other

DARK BLUE STREET SUIT OF SERGE COMPLETED BY LARGE STENCILED BLACK HAT

nis and golf use; and there are many effective pongee models, both in the sport shirt and the peplum blouse (Figure 3).

Sport skirts are especially well designed and cut this summer. The brightly colored linens, canvas weaves, novelty woolens, and similar materials, are favored for both suits and skirts. Norfolk suits of linen, combining a plain skirt with a striped coat, and vice versa, are being shown in the shops for juniors and misses. For grown-ups the same combination is smart. Plain wash silks and satins are also being used considerably for sport and country suits.



A TRIO OF INTERESTING COLLARS

For other views and descriptions, see page 32

McCall Patterns (with detailed directions for use) can be obtained from the nearest McCall Pattern Agency in your locality or may be ordered by mail by stating the number and size wanted and enclosing the price to the McCall Company, 236-246 West 37th Street, New York City; 418-424 So. Fifth Avenue, Chicago, Ill.; 140 Second Street, San Francisco, Cal.; 34-40 Chauncy Street, Boston, Mass.; 82 North Pryor Street, Atlanta, Ga.; 70 Bond Street, Toronto, Canada.

DROP SHOULDERS AND PUFF SLEEVES

Cartridge Gathers or Gauging, Smart as Trimming on Skirts and Sleeves—Pockets Appear on All Frocks

Descriptions for page 31

NO. 7098, LADIES' WAIST; WITH OR WITHOUT COLLARETTE (15 cents).—Waist with long sleeve, as shown in smaller view, size 36 requires $1\frac{1}{8}$ yards 45-inch material with $1\frac{1}{8}$ yards 18-inch contrasting for collar and vest. Pattern in 8 sizes; 34 to 48 bust.

No. 7233, LADIES' SKIRT; TWO- OR FOUR-PIECE TUNIC; 42- OR 38-INCH LENGTH (15 cents).—With four-piece tunic, circular lower section, 38-inch length, size 26 requires $5\frac{1}{8}$ yards 36-inch material. Skirt, $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards wide. Pattern in 6 sizes; 22 to 32 waist.

COSTUME Nos. 7098-7233, medium size, 38-inch skirt length, requires $3\frac{1}{8}$ yards 45-inch net, $1\frac{1}{8}$ yards 40-inch all-over for lower section, $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards insertion and $\frac{1}{8}$ yard ribbon for girdle.

No. 7263, LADIES' DRESS; FOUR-GORED GATHERED SKIRT; 42- OR 38-INCH LENGTH (15 cents).—The new striped linens and Shantung silks worn for sports wear are suitable. Size 36, 42-inch skirt length, requires $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards 36-inch striped material and $2\frac{1}{8}$ yards same width plain. Dress, 3 yards wide. Pattern in 6 sizes; 34 to 44 bust.

No. 7259, LADIES' DRESS; FOUR-GORED SKIRT WITH OR WITHOUT DRAPERY; 42- OR 38-INCH LENGTH (15 cents).—This design is suitable for one of the new voiles or silks. Foulards and printed silks, with quaint patterns, are especially well liked for this type of frock. The figured voiles are also effective, and there are any number of other novelty cottons which are dainty and practical for summer wear. Size 36, 38-inch skirt length, requires $6\frac{1}{8}$ yards 40-inch material and $\frac{1}{8}$ yard 45-inch organdy for collar and sleeves. Dress, $3\frac{1}{8}$ yards wide. Pattern in 6 sizes; 34 to 44 bust.

No. 7255, LADIES' WAIST; PUFF SLEEVE, OR BISHOP SLEEVE WITH GAUGING OR CARTRIDGE PLEATS (15 cents).—The new cartridge pleating or gauging is not confined alone to the development of the skirt, but is effectively used on the sleeves. Made of one material, with long sleeves, as shown in smaller view, size 36 requires 3 yards 30 inches wide. In 7 sizes; 32 to 44 bust.



No. 7249, LADIES' FOUR-PIECE SKIRT; WITH CARTRIDGE PLEATS (GAUGING) OR GATHERING; IN 42- OR 38-INCH LENGTH (15 cents).—Size 26, 38-inch length, requires $4\frac{1}{8}$ yards 45-inch material with $\frac{1}{4}$ yard 36-inch lining. Skirt, $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards wide. In 5 sizes; 22 to 30 waist.

COSTUME Nos. 7255-7249, medium size, 38-inch skirt, requires $6\frac{1}{8}$ yards 40-inch material, $\frac{1}{2}$ yard 36-inch contrasting, $1\frac{1}{8}$ yards $7\frac{1}{2}$ -inch lace.

Descriptions for page 33

COSTUME Nos. 7255-7249, Transfer Design No. 744 (10 cents).—Medium size, 38-inch skirt length, requires $6\frac{1}{8}$ yards 40-inch material for dress and $\frac{1}{4}$ yard 18-inch for collar.

No. 7257, LADIES' DRESS; FOUR-GORED SKIRT WITH INSET PANEL; PLEATED OR GATHERED, IN 42- OR 38-INCH LENGTH (15 cents).—Size 36, 38-inch skirt length, requires $5\frac{1}{4}$ yards 40-inch for dress, $1\frac{1}{8}$ yards 45-inch organdy, and $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards lace insertion. Dress, $3\frac{1}{8}$ yards wide. In 6 sizes; 34 to 44 bust.

No. 7047, LADIES' WAIST; WITH OR WITHOUT SHOULDER YOKE (15 cents).—As shown in smaller view, size 36 requires $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards 36-inch material with 1 yard 30-inch contrasting. In 6 sizes; 34 to 44 bust.

No. 7267, LADIES' ONE- OR TWO-PIECE SKIRT; IN 38-INCH LENGTH, OR IN TUNIC LENGTH WITH LOWER EDGE CUT STRAIGHT OF THE MATERIAL; TO BE WORN OVER FOUNDATION SKIRT (15 cents).—Size 26, 38-inch length, requires $4\frac{1}{8}$ yards 36-inch material. Skirt, $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards wide. Pattern in 5 sizes; 22 to 30 waist.

COSTUME Nos. 7047-7267-7253, suited to taffeta, foulard, and similar light silks for summer afternoons. Skirt shows an interesting drapery. Medium size, as illustrated, requires $5\frac{1}{8}$ yards 36-inch striped material, $\frac{1}{8}$ yard same width for collar and cuffs, $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards $4\frac{1}{2}$ -inch lace for vest and $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards 36-inch for flouncing, facings and girdle.



7098-7233



7263



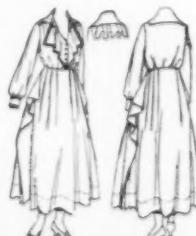
7259



7255-7249



7257



7047-7267



7255-7249
Transfer Design No. 744

7257

7047-7267-7253

For other views and description of No. 7255 see page 47

FOR AFTERNOON CALLS AND AFTERNOON TEAS

Taffeta—Plain, Striped, and Combined with Organdy in Modish and Becoming Frocks

For other views and descriptions, see page 32

SMART ADAPTATIONS OF THE ONE-PIECE FROCK

Linen, Taffeta, Serge, or Novelty Fabrics May Be Used in Its Development. Interesting Touches of Color May Be Introduced in Collar and Girdle



NO. 7063, LADIES' PRINCESS DRESS; SIDE- OR CENTER-FRONT CLOSING; ROUND OR INSTEP LENGTH (15 cents).—Serge may be used for this model, also linen, poplin, or the new alpaca which is now so modish for both the one-piece frock and the tailored suit. Size 36, instep length, requires $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards 40-inch material with $\frac{1}{2}$ yard 22-inch for collar. Dress, 3 yards wide. Pattern in 6 sizes; 34 to 44 bust.

NO. 7075, LADIES' DRESS, FOUR-GORED SKIRT; IN 42- OR 38-INCH LENGTH (15 cents).—Plain linen, collared, cuffed and girdled with one of the vividly striped linen or canvas weaves which are now so smart, would be nicely suited to this attractive frock. Size 36, 38-inch skirt length, requires 4 yards 36-inch material for dress with $\frac{1}{4}$ yard 27-inch striped. Dress, $3\frac{1}{8}$ yards wide. Pattern in 8 sizes; 34 to 48 bust.

Descriptions for page 35

NO. 7243, LADIES' WAIST (15 cents).—This is a suitable model for sports wear. Size 36 requires $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards 36-inch material with $\frac{3}{4}$ yard 20-inch contrasting for collar and cuff facing. Pattern in 7 sizes; 34 to 46 bust.

NO. 7229, LADIES' TWO-PIECE SKIRT; PLEATED OR GATHERED; IN 42- OR 38-INCH LENGTH (15 cents).—Size 26, 38-inch length, requires $3\frac{1}{8}$ yards 44-inch material. Skirt, $2\frac{1}{8}$ yards wide. Pattern in 6 sizes; 22 to 32 waist.

NO. 7268, LADIES' JUMPER DRESS; ONE-PIECE STRAIGHT SKIRT, PLAIN OR DRAPED; WITH OR WITHOUT BAND; 42- OR 38-INCH LENGTH; DRAPED SKIRT TO BE WORN OVER A FOUNDATION SKIRT (15 cents).—Size 36, 38-inch skirt length, requires $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards 40-inch material for lower section and jumper, $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards same width for upper skirt and waist, $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards ribbon to trim sleeves and $\frac{1}{2}$ yard ribbon for girdle. Dress, 3 yards wide. Pattern in 7 sizes; 34 to 46 bust.

NO. 7241, LADIES' WAIST (15 cents).—With long sleeves, as shown in smaller view, size 36 requires $2\frac{1}{8}$ yards 30-inch material, with $\frac{1}{2}$ yard 44-inch contrasting for fronts, belt and cuffs. Pattern in 7 sizes; 34 to 46 bust.

NO. 7269, LADIES' SKIRT; ONE-PIECE STRAIGHT TUNIC, PLEATED OR GATHERED, WITH OR WITHOUT STRAIGHT BAND AND RUFFLE TOP; ONE-PIECE FOUNDATION LENGTHENED BY ONE-PIECE STRAIGHT FLOURISH; IN 38-INCH LENGTH (15 cents).—Size 26, as shown in smaller view, requires $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards 40-inch material for straps and tunic, $3\frac{1}{8}$ yards 12-inch flouncing for lace band, $2\frac{1}{8}$ yards 20-inch flouncing for linen flounce, and $1\frac{1}{8}$ yards 6-inch flouncing for ruffle. Skirt, $2\frac{1}{8}$ yards wide. Pattern in 5 sizes; 22 to 30 waist.

COSTUME NOS. 7241-7269, medium size, requires $6\frac{1}{4}$ yards 36-inch plain material, $3\frac{1}{8}$ yards 27-inch striped, pieces cut crosswise, and $\frac{1}{4}$ yard 18-inch allover.



7063



7075



7243-7229



7268



7241



7269



7243-7229

Embroidered Hat Motif. Transfer Design No. 751, see page 48

MC CALL PATTERNS

SUGGESTIONS FOR MORNING AND AFTERNOON WEAR

Striped Linen Bespeaks the Practical—Striped Taffeta Much Favored

For other views and descriptions, see page 34

TAFFETA, alpaca, and linen are all favored for simple one-piece dresses this season. The favor being shown the old-time alpaca, for both suits and dresses, is quite remarkable, although it is an unusually satisfactory summer material. The alpaca of this season, however, is not at all like that of previous years; the wiry texture has been done away with more or less, and the new material is soft, silky and supple, resembling a lustrous twilled silk.

Lace and embroidery are favored for the typical lingerie frock, and of course, for the tub dress, there are charming voiles, crépes, and novelty cottons.

Corded cottons, corduroys, Bedfords and the like are smart for separate skirts, also plain and colored linens and canvas weaves.



7245-6733

7247



ODD YOKES AND NOVEL CLOSINGS LEND CHIC TO SUMMER FROCKS

For descriptions, see page 38



7231

7265-7229



McCALL Patterns (with detailed directions for use) can be obtained from the nearest McCall Pattern Agency in your locality or may be ordered by mail by stating the number and size wanted and enclosing the price to the McCall Company, 236-246 West 37th Street, New York City; 418-424 So. Fifth Avenue, Chicago, Ill.; 140 Second Street, San Francisco, Cal.; 34-40 Chauncy Street, Boston, Mass.; 82 North Pryor Street, Atlanta, Ga.; 70 Bond Street, Toronto, Canada.



7237

7065

7231

7265

7067

(For other views and description of No. 7229,
see page 34)

7237
70657067
Transfer Design No. 352

CHECKED VOILE, STRIPED JERSEY, AND TAFFETA FOR SUMMER
For descriptions, see page 38

TWO WAISTS FOR THE SUMMER WARDROBE

May Be Fashioned into Costume Blouses of Chiffon or Georgette, or into Plain Shirtwaists of Linen or Voile

NO. 7053, LADIES' JUMPER WAIST (15 cents).—This is a pretty model for taffeta and Georgette; it would be attractive finished with a dainty picot edge. Size 36 requires 1 yard 40-inch material for jumper and cuffs, and 1½ yards 36-inch contrasting for waist sections, revers and sleeves. Pattern in 7 sizes; 34 to 46 bust.

NO. 7049, LADIES' WAIST; WITH OR WITHOUT SHOULDER YOKE (15 cents).—One of the new fancy striped Georgette crepes is used for this model. Size 36 requires 1½ yards 40-inch material, with ½ yard 36-inch contrasting for collar, vest and cuff facing. Pattern in 8 sizes; 34 to 48 bust.

Descriptions for page 36

NO. 7087, LADIES' DRESS; FOUR-GORED SKIRT WITH OR WITHOUT SIDE TUNICS; IN 42- OR 38-INCH LENGTH (15 cents).—Size 36, 38-inch skirt length, requires 4 yards 50-inch linen, 1¼ yards 36-inch allover and ¼ yard same width material for collar. Skirt, 3½ yards wide. Pattern in 7 sizes; 34 to 46 bust.

NO. 6823, LADIES' JUMPER OR OVERWAIST (15 cents).—Size 36, as shown in smaller view, requires 1¾ yards 36-inch material for jumper, girdle and cuffs and 1½ yards same width for sleeves and collar. Pattern in 7 sizes; 32 to 44 bust.

NO. 7251, LADIES' SKIRT; ONE-PIECE YOKE; ONE-PIECE STRAIGHT LOWER SECTION; IN 42- OR 38-INCH LENGTH (15 cents).—This design would be effective developed in any of the attractive embroidered flouncings. Size 26, as shown in smaller view, 42-inch length, requires 3½ yards 40-inch material. Skirt, 3½ yards wide. In 5 sizes; 22 to 30 waist.

COSTUME Nos. 6823-7251, medium size, 38-inch skirt length, requires 1½ yards 45-inch batiste for yoke and waist, 3½ yards 34-inch flouncing and 1½ yards 40-inch all-over for sleeves and vest collar.

NO. 7245, LADIES' WAIST; TWO STYLES OF BACK AND SLEEVE (15 cents).—Size 36, for waist with puffed sleeves as shown in smaller view, requires 2½ yards 36-inch material. Pattern in 7 sizes; 34 to 46 bust.

NO. 6733, LADIES' POCKET SKIRT WITH FOUR GORES; IN 42- OR 38-INCH LENGTH (15 cents).—This is a splendid model for sports wear. The new awning striped cottons or any of the striped linens and silks are suitable. There are also some interesting canvas weaves. Size 26, 38-inch length, requires 3½ yards 36-inch material. Skirt, 2½ yards wide. Pattern in 5 sizes; 22 to 30 waist.



NO. 7247, LADIES' SHIRTWAIST DRESS; THREE-PIECE SKIRT WITH GATHERED BACK OR FOUR-PIECE SKIRT WITH HABIT BACK; 42- OR 38-INCH LENGTH (15 cents).—Size 36, 38-inch skirt length, requires 6 yards 30-inch material with ¾ yard 27-inch for cuffs. Dress, 3½ yards wide. In 8 sizes; 34 to 48 bust.

Descriptions for page 37

NO. 7231, LADIES' DRESS, WITH OR WITHOUT JUMPER; FOUR-GORED SKIRT; IN 42- OR 38-INCH LENGTH (15 cents).—Size 36, 38-inch skirt length, requires 4½ yards 36-inch checked material and 1½ yards 40-inch for waist. Dress, 3½ yards wide. Pattern in 8 sizes; 34 to 48 bust.

NO. 7265, LADIES' COAT IN 22- OR 38-INCH LENGTH; WITH OR WITHOUT YOKE; (15 cents).—Size 36, with yoke, as shown in smaller view, requires 4½ yards 44-inch material, with 3¾ yards 36-inch lining. In 7 sizes; 34 to 46 bust.

COSTUME Nos. 7255-7229, medium size, 38-inch skirt length, requires 2½ yards 50-inch striped material, and 3½ yards 45-inch for coat in 38-inch length.

NO. 7237, LADIES' JUMPER WAIST (15 cents).—Jumper designs are much favored because of the possibilities offered for freshening a frock by the addition of a dainty guimpe or underblouse. Serge, taffeta, satin, and linen all lend themselves effectively to this style. Guimpes of net, Georgette, voile and other sheer materials may be worn. Size 36, as shown in smaller view, requires 1¾ yards 36-inch material for jumper and belt, with 2 yards 40-inch for waist. Pattern in 6 sizes; 34 to 44 bust.

NO. 7065, LADIES' HALF CIRCLE SKIRT; IN 38- OR 36-INCH LENGTH (15 cents).—One of the novelties of the season is shown in this design. Circular skirts are still very modish and this is a particularly good model, and easily made. Size 26, 38-inch length, requires 3½ yards 44-inch material. Skirt, 4½ yards wide. Pattern in 6 sizes; 22 to 32 waist.

COSTUME Nos. 7237-7065, medium size, 36-inch skirt length, requires 4½ yards 45-inch material for dress, ½ yard 36-inch contrasting, ¾ yard 45-inch net for sleeve puffs, and 1½ yards 6-inch ribbon for girdle.

NO. 7067, LADIES' DRESS; TWO-PIECE CIRCULAR SKIRT; IN INSTEP LENGTH; WITH OR WITHOUT CIRCLE TUNIC (15 cents), Transfer Design No. 352 (10 cents).—The tunic, in varied styles, is still a favorite. Size 36 requires 5½ yards 44-inch material with 1½ yards 40-inch chiffon. Dress, 2½ yards wide around lower edge. Pattern may be obtained in 5 sizes; 32 to 40 bust measure.



EMBROIDERED HAT MOTIFS AND INTERESTING BLOUSES AND SKIRTS

For descriptions, see page 40

NEW VOILE BLOUSE AND STRIPED SPORT SKIRT

Detailed Descriptions for Pages 39 and 41 with Suggestions for Development of Models

No. 7239, LADIES' WAIST; TRIMMED WITH BANDS, DOUBLED OR CUT SINGLE; WITH OR WITHOUT VEST (15 cents).—This model for sports wear may be developed in one of the new shirtings. Pongee and linen are also suitable. Size 36 requires $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards 40-inch material. Pattern in 8 sizes; 34 to 48 bust.

No. 7271, LADIES' TWO- OR THREE-PIECE SKIRT; 42- OR 38-INCH LENGTH (15 cents).—This is another exceptionally good model for sports wear. Size 26, 38-inch length, requires $3\frac{1}{8}$ yards 36-inch material. Skirt, $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards wide. Pattern in 7 sizes; 22 to 34 bust.

Descriptions for page 39

No. 7017, LADIES' MIDDY DRESS; THREE-PIECE SKIRT; 42- OR 38-INCH LENGTH (15 cents).—Size 36, 38-inch skirt length, requires $3\frac{1}{8}$ yards 36-inch material for skirt, $1\frac{1}{8}$ yards same width for blouse as illustrated, and $\frac{1}{2}$ yard 22-inch contrasting for collar. Skirt, $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards wide. Pattern in 6 sizes; 34 to 44 bust.

No. 6855, LADIES' SHIRTWAIST; ADJUSTABLE AND STOCK COLLAR (15 cents).—Size 36 requires 2 yards 40-inch material. Pattern in 8 sizes; 32 to 46 bust.

No. 7070, LADIES' FOUR-GORED SKIRT WITH INSET PLEATED SECTIONS; 42- OR 38-INCH LENGTH (15 cents).—This model, developed in serge or gabardine, is suitable for wear with the separate waist. Size 26, 38-inch length, requires $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards 50-inch material. Skirt, 4 yards wide. Pattern in 7 sizes; 22 to 34 bust.

No. 7073, LADIES' WAIST; TWO STYLES OF SLEEVE; WITH OR WITHOUT SHOULDER YOKE (15 cents).—This model is excellent for crêpe de Chine or Georgette. Size 36 requires $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards 36-inch material. Pattern in 7 sizes; 34 to 46 bust measure.

No. 6831, LADIES' JUMPER DRESS (TO BE WORN OVER A WAIST) FOUR-PIECE SKIRT ATTACHED TO JUMPER; ROUND OR INSTEP LENGTH (15 cents).—The attractive sports materials may be used effectively with this design. Serge, gabardine, wool poplin, and the novelty fabrics are especially desirable for business wear. Size 36, instep length, requires $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards 50-inch material. Skirt, $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards wide. Pattern in 5 sizes; 32 to 40 bust.

No. 7081, LADIES' WAIST; IN TWO STYLES (15 cents).—One may use wide taffeta ribbon nicely for this model in combination with Georgette, or crêpe de Chine may be used nicely for the entire waist. Size 36 requires $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards 40-inch material with $\frac{1}{4}$ yard 36-inch contrasting for bands, collar and cuff facing. Pattern in 7 sizes; 34 to 46 bust.



No. 6883, LADIES' FOUR-GORED SKIRT; WITH PLEATED SIDE SECTIONS; 42- OR 38-INCH LENGTH (15 cents).—An attractive development may be effected by combining two shades of taffeta in this model. Size 26, 38-inch length, requires $4\frac{1}{8}$ yards 36-inch material with $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards same width contrasting. Skirt, $2\frac{1}{8}$ yards wide. Pattern in 6 sizes; 22 to 32 waist.

Descriptions for page 41

No. 7085, LADIES' WAIST; WAIST TO EXTEND UNDER BIB OR TO BE CUT AWAY (15 cents).—For waist with long sleeves, as shown in smaller view, size 36 requires $1\frac{1}{8}$ yards 45-inch material and $\frac{3}{4}$ yard 36-inch for bib with peplum and cuffs. 6 sizes; 34 to 44 bust.

No. 7019, LADIES' SKIRT; TWO-PIECE TUNIC; SKIRT ATTACHED TO TWO-PIECE YOKE FOUNDATION; 42- OR 38-INCH LENGTH (15 cents).—Of one material, as shown in smaller view, size 26, 38-inch length, requires $4\frac{1}{8}$ yards 36-inch and $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards ruffling. Skirt, 3 yards wide. In 5 sizes; 22 to 30 waist.

COSTUME Nos. 7085-7019, medium size, 38-inch length, requires $4\frac{1}{8}$ yards 36-inch material, $2\frac{1}{8}$ yards $19\frac{1}{2}$ -inch flouncing for tunic and $1\frac{1}{8}$ yards 40-inch allover.

No. 7261, LADIES' COAT SUIT; COAT IN 28- OR 36-INCH LENGTH; THREE-PIECE SKIRT; 42- OR 38-INCH LENGTH (15 cents).—Size 36, coat in 28-inch and skirt in 38-inch length, requires $5\frac{1}{8}$ yards 50-inch material with $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards 36-inch lining. Skirt, $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards wide. Pattern in 6 sizes; 34 to 44 bust.

No. 6085, LADIES' COAT; TWO STYLES OF SLEEVE (15 cents).—With bell sleeves, as shown in smaller view, size 36, requires 2 yards 40-inch material, with $\frac{1}{4}$ yard 27-inch contrasting for collar facing, and $1\frac{1}{8}$ yards 36-inch lining. Pattern in 6 sizes; 34 to 44 bust.

No. 6880, LADIES' TUNIC SKIRT; THREE- OR FOUR-PIECE TUNIC; 42- OR 38-INCH LENGTH (15 cents).—Size 26, 38-inch length, made of one material with four-piece tunic, requires $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards 36 inches wide. Skirt, $2\frac{1}{8}$ yards wide. Pattern in 6 sizes; 22 to 32 waist.

COSTUME Nos. 6969-6985-6880, medium size, 38-inch skirt length, requires $1\frac{1}{8}$ yards 36-inch material for waist, $2\frac{1}{8}$ yards same width plain, $4\frac{1}{8}$ yards 36-inch striped, and $\frac{1}{4}$ yard 27-inch for collar facing.

No. 7037, LADIES' DRESS; IN INSTEP OR SHORTER LENGTH; TWO-PIECE PRINCESS, OR YOKE FOUNDATION LENGTHENED BY ONE- OR TWO-PIECE LOWER SECTION (15 cents).—Size 36, shorter skirt length, requires $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards 36-inch material for lower section and trimmings, 2 yards 40-inch for blouse, and $\frac{3}{8}$ yard 22-inch for collar. Dress, 3 yards wide. Pattern in 7 sizes; 34 to 46 bust.



A SUIT OF SERGE, ANOTHER OF TAFFETA, AND TWO AFTERNOON GOWNS
For descriptions, see page 40



No. 7256, MISSES' DRESS; ONE-PIECE STRAIGHT TUNIC IN TWO LENGTHS (15 cents).—Size 16 requires $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards 40-inch chiffon, $3\frac{1}{8}$ yards same width flowered silk, $\frac{1}{2}$ yard 8-inch flouncing, and $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards $12\frac{1}{8}$ -inch flouncing. Tunic, 3 yards wide. In 4 sizes; 14 to 20 years.

No. 7080, MISSES' AND GIRLS' MIDDY BLOUSE (10 cents).—Size 16 requires $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards 44-inch material with $\frac{1}{4}$ yard 36-inch for collar facing. Pattern in 8 sizes; 6 to 20 years.

No. 7166, MISSES' STRAIGHT PLEATED SKIRT; TWO LENGTHS (15 cents).—Size 16, longer length, requires $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards 44-inch material. Skirt, $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards wide. In 4 sizes; 14 to 20 years.

No. 7266, MISSES' COAT SUIT WITH BLOUSE; ONE-PIECE STRAIGHT PLEATED SKIRT IN TWO LENGTHS (15 cents).—Size 16 requires $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards 40-inch material with $\frac{1}{2}$ yard 27-inch contrasting. Skirt, 3 yards wide. In 4 sizes; 14 to 20 years.

No. 7244, MISSES' DRESS; ONE-PIECE STRAIGHT SKIRT (15 cents).—Size 16 requires 4 yards 41-inch flouncing, $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards 36-inch material. Dress, 3 yards wide. In 4 sizes; 14 to 20 years.





7104
(Embroidered Hat Motif, Transfer Design No.
751, see page 48)

NO. 7258, MISSES' DRESS; SUITABLE FOR SMALL WOMEN; WITH OR WITHOUT BASQUE JUMPER; ONE-PIECE STRAIGHT SKIRT OR TUNIC WITH ONE-PIECE FOUNDATION IN TWO LENGTHS (15 cents).—Size 16, 4½ yards 40-inch striped, 1½ yards same width plain, ¾ yard 36-inch net, and ½ yard 3-inch lace. Dress, 3 yards wide. 4 sizes; 14 to 20 years.

NO. 7104, MISSES' DRESS; SUITABLE FOR SMALL WOMEN; CIRCLE SKIRT, OR TUNIC WITH ONE-PIECE FOUNDATION LENGTHENED BY CIRCULAR OR STRAIGHT GATHERED FLOUNCE IN TWO LENGTHS (15 cents).—Size 16 requires 3½ yards 44-inch material for skirt and jumper, and 1½ yards 45-inch for guimpe. Dress, 6½ yards wide. Pattern in 4 sizes; 14 to 20 years.

NO. 7246, MISSES' SHIRTWAIST DRESS; SUITABLE FOR SMALL WOMEN; TWO OR THREE-PIECE SKIRT, PLEATED OR GATHERED; IN TWO LENGTHS (15 cents).—Size 16, longer length, 3½ yards 36-inch figured, 2½ yards 40-inch plain, 1½ yards 3-inch ribbon. 3 yards wide. 4 sizes; 14 to 20 years.



7258

7104

NO. 7264, MISSES' DRESS; SUITABLE FOR SMALL WOMEN; ONE-PIECE TUNIC PLEATED OR GATHERED (15 cents).—This model may be developed in taffeta and lace or net for evening wear. Some of the pretty wash lawns and voiles are suitable for the summer girl. Size 16 requires 3½ yards 45-inch material for tunic and girdle, 2½ yards 22-inch flouncing, 1½ yards 40-inch allover and 1½ yards 2-inch lace edging. Dress, 2½ yards wide. In 4 sizes; 14 to 20 years.



7264



GIVING DUE CONSIDERATION TO SUMMER'S

Jumper Frocks for Serge or Linen; Practical Suits or Two in Linen and Flouncing for the

No. 6960, CHILD'S DRESS; STRAIGHT LOWER EDGE (10 Cents).—Flouncings of embroidery develop into many pretty dresses for the little girl. Size 4 requires $\frac{3}{8}$ yard 40-inch material for yoke and sleeves and $2\frac{1}{8}$ yards 22-inch flouncing. Pattern in 4 sizes; 6 months, 1, 2 and 4 years.

No. 7236, GIRL'S JUMPER DRESS WITH GUIMPE; THREE-PIECE SKIRT (15 cents).—Size 8 requires $2\frac{1}{8}$ yards 27-inch material for dress and $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards 40-inch contrasting for guimpe. Pattern in 5 sizes; 4 to 12 years.

No. 7074, BOY'S SET OF SHORT CLOTHES (COAT, DRESS AND BLOOMERS); (15 cents).—Size 3 requires $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards 36-

inch material for dress and bloomers as illustrated; $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards same width for coat, $\frac{1}{2}$ yard 27-inch for collar and shield, and $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards 36-inch for lining. Pattern in 3 sizes; 1 to 3 years.

No. 7242, BOY'S SUIT; WITH OR WITHOUT YOKE; KNICKERBOCKER OR KNEE TROUSERS (15 cents).—Size 8 requires $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards 44-inch material with $\frac{3}{8}$ yard 27-inch contrasting for collar. Pattern in 5 sizes; 2 to 10 years.

No. 7234, GIRL'S DRESS WITH BLOOMERS; DRESS OPENING ON SHOULDER OR AT CENTER BACK (15 cents). Transfer Design No. 632 (10 cents).—Size 8 requires $3\frac{1}{8}$ yards 36-inch, with $\frac{7}{8}$ yard $4\frac{1}{2}$ -inch for belt. 5 sizes; 6 to 14 years.



Transfer Design No. 632



NEEDS IN THE CHILD'S WARDROBE

for the Boy, Suited to Serge or Khaki; and a 'Design
Summer Comfort of the Very Small Person

No. 7248, CHILD'S DRESS WITH GUIMPE; THREE-PIECE SKIRT (15 cents).—Size 6 requires $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards 36-inch material for dress and $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards same width for guimpe. Pattern in 5 sizes; 2 to 10 years.

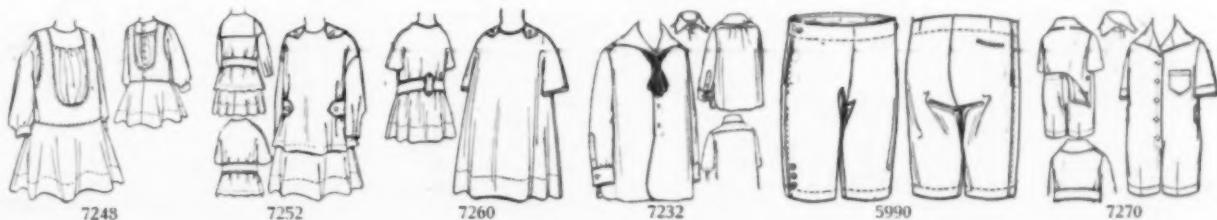
No. 7252, GIRL'S MIDDY DRESS; BLOUSE TO BE SLIPPED ON OVER THE HEAD; THREE-PIECE SKIRT (15 cents).—Size 10 requires 2 yards 45-inch linen for blouse and 2 yards 36-inch contrasting for skirt. Pattern in 5 sizes; 6 to 14 years.

No. 7260, CHILD'S DRESS; TO BE SLIPPED ON OVER THE HEAD (10 cents), Transfer Design No. 632 (10 cents).—Size 4 requires $1\frac{1}{8}$ yards 45-inch material. Pattern in 7 sizes; 6 months, 1 to 10 years.

No. 7232, BOY'S NEGLIGEE SHIRT; TWO STYLES OF COLLAR (15 cents).—Suitable for linen, madras, pongee, and similar materials. Size 12 requires $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards 36-inch material. Pattern in 4 sizes; 10 to 16 years.

No. 5990, BOY'S KNEE TROUSERS; FRONT- OR SIDE-CLOSING (10 cents).—May be made up in serge, linen, khaki and like fabrics. Size 12 requires $1\frac{1}{8}$ yards 27-inch material. Pattern in 8 sizes; 2, 3, 4, 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years.

No. 7270, CHILD'S COAT ROMPER; SUITABLE FOR BOY OR GIRL (10 cents).—Size 4 requires $2\frac{1}{8}$ yards 27-inch material with $\frac{1}{4}$ yard 36-inch for collar and sleeve bands. Pattern in 4 sizes; 2 to 8 years.





7238

7228

7254

7262

FROCKS FOR THE YOUNGER GENERATION

Capes, Flounces, and the Russian Blouse, among the Features Adapted from the Current Mode for Grown-ups

NO. 7238, GIRL'S DRESS; WITH OR WITHOUT CAPE; THREE - PIECE SKIRT (15 cents).—Suitable for voile or organdy. Daintily figured and flowered lawns combine nicely with plain batiste and other sheer fabrics for these frocks. Laces and ribbons have an important place in their trimming. Size 12 requires $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards 36-inch figured material, $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards 45-inch organdy, $1\frac{1}{8}$ yards insertion, and $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards edging. Pattern in 5 sizes; 6 to 14 years.



7238



7228

No. 7228, GIRL'S DRESS; STRAIGHT PLEATED SKIRT (15 cents).—This model is suitable for any of the attractive wash materials. Alpaca is most practical for the little girl's school dress. Serge, gingham, cotton crêpe and any of the striped or checked novelty cottons are also suitable. Size 12 requires $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards 36-inch material with $\frac{1}{2}$ yard 30-inch contrasting for collar and sleeve facings. Pattern in 5 sizes; 6 to 14 years.

No. 7262, GIRL'S DRESS WITH OR WITHOUT GUIMPE, DOUBLE OR SINGLE STRAIGHT SKIRT WITH OR WITHOUT ONE-PIECE YOKE FOUNDATION (15 cents), Transfer Design No. 632 (10 cents).—Size 12 requires $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards 16-inch flouncing for double skirt, $1\frac{1}{8}$ yards 36-inch material for waist, $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards 40-inch for guimpe and $\frac{3}{4}$ yard 36-inch for yoke foundation. Pattern in 6 sizes; 4 to 14 years.

No. 7254, GIRL'S DRESS WITH GUIMPE; WITH OR WITHOUT TWO-PIECE FLOUNCE; SKIRT WITH THREE-PIECE UPPER SECTION LENGTHENED BY CIRCULAR LOWER SECTION (15 cents).—Size 12 requires $3\frac{1}{8}$ yards 40-inch material with $1\frac{1}{8}$ yards 36-inch contrasting for guimpe. Pattern in 4 sizes; 8 to 14 years. Linen is a most practical material for the development of this frock; it is particularly smart, completed by a belt of leather.



7254

7262
Transfer Design No. 632

SUGGESTIONS FOR THE SUMMER WARDROBE

A Dainty Combing Coat, Bathrobe, Kimono, and the New Hooped Petticoat for Dance or Lingerie Frocks



7235



7230



7250

Transfer Designs No. 607 for Scallops, No. 550 for Spray

No. 7250, LADIES' AND MISSES' ONE-PIECE COMBING SACQUE (10 cents), Transfer Design No. 607 for Scallops and No. 550 for Spray (10 cents each).—These sacques are comfortable for summer, developed in voile or lawn. Ladies' size requires $1\frac{1}{8}$ yards 45-inch material. Pattern in 2 sizes; ladies', corresponding to 38, 40, 42; misses' to 32, 34, 36 bust.



7272



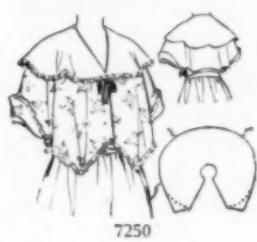
7240—7253

No. 7235, LADIES' KIMONO (15 cents).—The Japanese crépes in silk and cotton are used considerably for these garments. Medium size requires $6\frac{1}{4}$ yards 36-inch material with $5\frac{1}{8}$ yards $5\frac{1}{4}$ -inch ribbon for bands. Pattern in 3 sizes; small, corresponding to 34 or 36; medium, 38 or 40; large, 42 or 44 bust.

No. 7230, LADIES' AND MISSES' ENVELOPE CHEMISE (10 cents), Transfer Design No. 607 for Scallops and No. 356 for Spray (10 cents each).—Nainsook, cotton crépes and Italian silk are suitable for this garment. Medium size requires $2\frac{1}{8}$ yards 36-inch material. Pattern in 3 sizes; small, corresponding to 32, 34; medium, 36, 38; large 40, 42 bust.

No. 7272, LADIES' AND MISSES' ONE-PIECE BLANKET BATHROBE; SET IN SLEEVES (15 cents).—1 blanket measuring 72 by 90 inches will make any size. Medium size, as illustrated in smaller view, requires $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards 44-inch material. Pattern in 3 sizes; small, corresponding to 32 or 34; medium, 36 or 38; large, 40, 42 or 44 bust.

No. 7240, LADIES' CORSET COVER (10 cents).—This design may be developed in a dainty colored batiste for wear with the sheer blouses. Italian silk is an excellent material also and is quite practical for vacation wear. Size 36 requires $\frac{5}{8}$ yard 45-inch material with $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards insertion and $5\frac{1}{8}$ yards lace edging. In 7 sizes; 34 to 46 bust.



7250

No. 7253, LADIES' ONE-PIECE FOUNDATION SKIRT OR PETTICOAT IN $37\frac{1}{2}$ -INCH LENGTH; WITH OR WITHOUT HOOP AT HIP LINE OR LOWER LINE; WITH OR WITHOUT STRAIGHT FLOUNCE; IN TWO WIDTHS—(15 cents).—Size 26 requires $\frac{3}{4}$ yard 36-inch material for yoke and $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards 31-inch flouncing. Skirt, $3\frac{1}{8}$ yards wide. Pattern in 5 sizes; 22 to 30 waist.

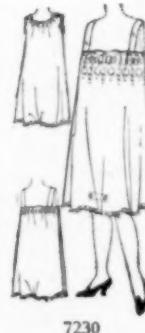
No. 6069, LADIES' WAIST; GAUNTLET ATTACHED TO PUFF OR LINING; WITH OR WITHOUT COLLARETTE (15 cents).—This design may be used for many purposes. It is splendid worn as a guimpe. Size 36 requires, with gauntlet and collarette, $1\frac{1}{8}$ yards 36-inch material. Waist, without gauntlet, size 36, requires $1\frac{1}{8}$ yards 36-inch material. In 6 sizes; 34 to 44 bust.



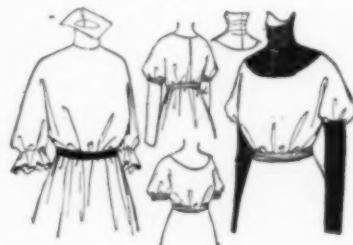
7240



7235



7230



6969



7253



7272

THE NEW EMBROIDERY

QUAINT NEEDLEWORK DESIGNS FOR A WIDE RANGE OF USES

By HELEN THOMAS

752—Design for Cape Collar. This collar is a very popular shape, and requires for making a piece of material 16 inches long and 22 inches wide. The dots should be worked in French knots, stems outlined, leaves in satin-stitch, flower petals in either satin- or eyelet-stitch, in stranded cotton or fine mercerized cotton, and the scallops buttonholed. Design is suitable for all-white or colors. Pattern gives full embroidery directions.

753—Willow Design for Oval Centerpiece and Doilies. Centerpiece is 20 by 14 inches, and six doilies 4 inches in diameter. These match the set composed of Design for Round Centerpiece No. 625; Doilies (10- and 5½-inch size) No. 631; Candle Shades No. 630; Table-Runner No. 678; and Napkins No. 602. The design should be worked in three shades of delft blue stranded cotton on white linen. Use two threads to outline the entire design (except the round blossoms on trees, which should be in satin-stitch), and three threads for buttonholing the scallop. The edge, land, pagoda, and trees should be in the darkest shade; birds, clouds, and boat, in the lightest, and the rest in the medium. Pattern gives full directions.



752—TRANSFER DESIGN FOR CAPE COLLAR, 10 CENTS

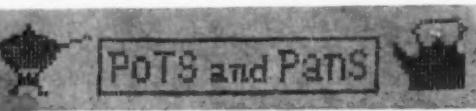


753—MOTIF OF TRANSFER DESIGN, 10 CENTS

754—Cross-Stitch Design for Towel or Scarf Ends. Two designs in pattern 14½ by 4 inches. Trees in green, with trunks in brown, the handles and outside edge of boxes in black with red centers, connecting parts in brown, blue, or any color desired, and scallops in brown; or the entire design in delft blue. Full embroidery directions are given with the pattern.



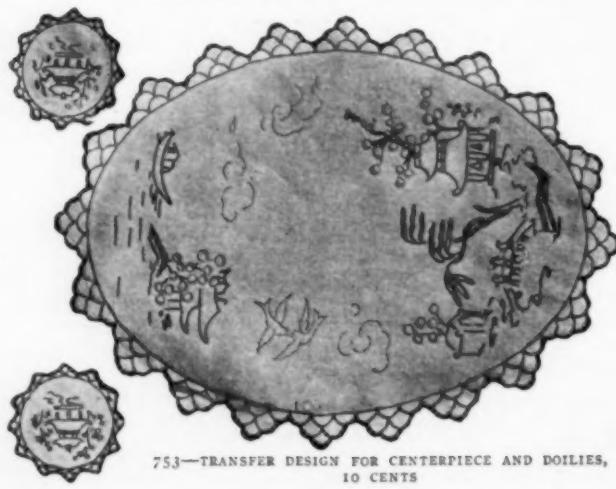
752—TRANSFER DESIGN FOR CAPE COLLAR, 10 CENTS



756—TRANSFER DESIGN FOR MOTIFS IN CROSS-STITCH, 10 CENTS



754—TRANSFER DESIGN FOR TOWEL OR SCARF ENDS, 10 CENTS



753—TRANSFER DESIGN FOR CENTERPIECE AND DOILIES, 10 CENTS

751—Motif Designs for Hats, Parasols, etc. The pattern includes, besides the motifs shown, a basket of flowers, a bunch of daisies, a windmill, and four little bunnies for children's hats, and gives full color and embroidery directions. The designs should be embroidered solid in colored wool, heavy cotton, or silk, on crinoline, and then tacked on the hat or parasol. These designs are the latest fad for hat trimming and are easily and quickly worked.

755—Design for Infant's Bib. To be worked in satin-, outline-, and eyelet-stitch, with scallops buttonholed. Use one thread of stranded cotton for the work on fine linen, and two threads on heavier linen or piqué. Pattern gives full directions.



755—TRANSFER DESIGN, 10 CENTS

756—Cross-Stitch Design for Motifs. Suitable for tea-napkins or chafing-dish sets. A different motif, cup and saucer, teapot, etc., to be used on one corner of each napkin. The words "Pots and Pans" are a pretty decoration for dish-cloths. A fine thread or one or two threads of stranded cotton should be used for the work, for which delft blue is the favorite color. Fourteen motifs are in pattern, which gives full embroidery directions.



751—MOTIF OF TRANSFER DESIGN, 10 CENTS

Editor's Note.—Any McCall Kaufmann Transfer pattern at McCall pattern agencies, or postpaid from The McCall Company, 10 cents. Stamped material not supplied. Miss Thomas will answer questions. *McCall's Book of Embroidery* gives designs and lessons. In U.S., with 1 free transfer pattern, 15 cents; by mail, 25 cents; in Canada, 20 cents; by mail, 30 cents.

DAINTY STITCHERY

SIMPLE OBJECTS MADE BEAUTIFUL BY EFFECTIVE NEEDLECRAFT

By GENEVIEVE STERLING

10561—Baby's Cap. This design is very pretty and easy to work. It should be done in French knots and satin-stitch, and the little cap should be finished all around the edge with a buttonholed scallop. Cashmere or any soft silk will be suitable for the cap, and the embroidery may be done effectively either in all white or in delicate colors, with a buttonholed scallop in white. Design stamped on cream cashmere including embroidery cotton to work, 25 cents; on cream cashmere with embroidery silk to work, 40 cents—free for two 50-cent subscriptions. Ribbon is not supplied.

10563—Protector for top of Unwashable Puff or Comforter. To be worked in satin- and eyelet- or all in satin-stitch. Stamped on fine lawn, eighteen by seventy-two inches, including any one initial desired, 35 cents; on fine white linen, same size, 85 cents—free for four 50-cent subscriptions. Eight skeins of white embroidery cotton to work, 20 cents extra. Perforated initials for stamping, including stamping materials, each 5 cents extra.



10561—BABY'S CAP

10562—Luncheon Set. Centerpiece design stamped on fine white linen, 18 by 18 inches, 25 cents; 22 by 22 inches, 40 cents. Doily design stamped on fine white linen, 6 by 6 inches, per half-dozen, 25 cents; on 9 by 9 inches, 10 cents each, per half dozen, 40 cents; on 12 by 12 inches, 15 cents each, per half dozen, 50 cents—free for two 50-cent subscriptions. Set consisting of centerpiece stamped on 18 by 18 inches, six 9-inch, six 12-inch, and six 6-inch doilies, \$1.15—free for five 50-cent subscriptions. Embroidery cotton to work, 25 cents per dozen skeins, extra.



10562—LUNCHEON SET OF CENTER-PIECE AND DOILIES

10560—Baby Pillow to be worked in outline-, solid-, and eyelet-embroidery, and edges to be buttonholed together. Design stamped on fine nainsook, with six skeins of white cotton floss, 40 cents; with nine skeins silk, 65 cents—free for three 50-cent subscriptions. On fine white linen with white embroidery cotton, 60 cents—free for three 50-cent subscriptions. With white embroidery silk, 85 cents—free for four 50-cent subscriptions.

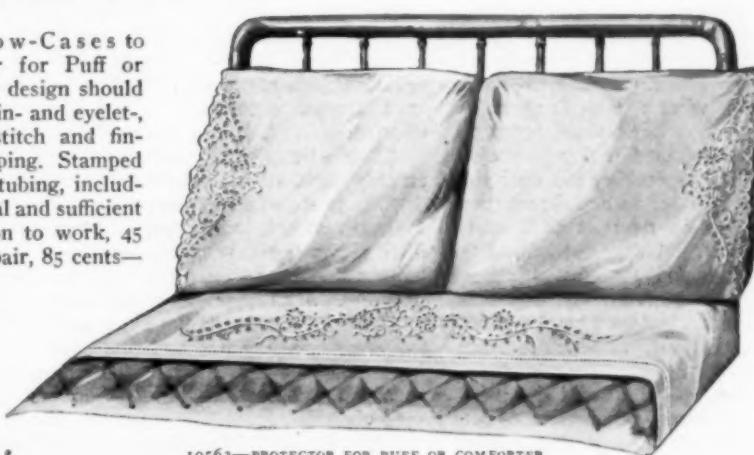


10560—BABY PILLOW



10563—TABLE RUNNER

10565—Table Runner, 17 by 48 inches. To be worked in basket-stitch and outline embroidery. Stamped and tinted at both ends, on white or tan crash, 40 cents; colored cotton floss for working, 25 cents extra—both free for three 50-cent subscriptions. Silk, 55 cents extra. Fringe for both ends of runner, 25 cents extra.



10563—PROTECTOR FOR PUFF OR COMFORTER
10564—PILLOW-CASES TO MATCH PROTECTOR

10564—Pillow-Cases to Match Protector for Puff or Comforter. The design should be worked in satin- and eyelet-, or all in satin-stitch and finished with scalloping. Stamped on good quality tubing, including any one initial and sufficient embroidery cotton to work, 45 cents each; per pair, 85 cents—free for four 50-cent subscriptions. Perforated initials for stamping, including stamping materials, each 5 cents extra.

Editor's Note.—Perforated pattern of any article on this page, including stamping directions and preparation, 10 cents, from The McCall Co. Stamped material furnished. Not carried by Agencies. Miss Sterling will gladly answer embroidery questions if a stamped, self-addressed envelope is enclosed. New Fancy-Work Book, containing lessons on stitches and many illustrated designs, will be sent for 2-cent stamp. Postage prepaid on all articles.

OUR HUMAN PROBLEM CONTEST

LETTERS THAT ASK A SOLUTION FROM YOU

[Continued from page 19]

"I love my parents, and am deeply grateful for what they have done for me, but, on the other hand, I also like to have some friends around once in a while, and the fact that they and my parents cannot mix has made me stop asking anyone to my house. This is very hard on me, as I like to be among company; and, of course, not being able to do my share of entertaining, I have stopped accepting invitations from my friends.

"Do you think there is some way of getting around this? I am very anxious to solve the problem, especially now, as I am getting old enough to feel that I should like to have some of my boy friends call at my house, but at the same time, I do not want to cause any hard feeling at home.

"This is the very first time I have ever admitted, even to myself, that there might be a remedy for this trouble; but I should prefer being a hermit for the rest of my life rather than to have my parents hear of this, as I know that they do all they can to make me happy."

The Farmer's Wife

THE problem of the farmer's wife, according to my observation and experience, is both serious and unique. It is not merely how to make one dollar do the work of two or three, but also how to do the work of half a dozen women and one man; for the only limit to the number of occupations and the time spent at them is a twenty-four-hour day. "Back to the land!" is the cry of many reformers and economists, but let me tell you something of what it means to the women.

"Before my marriage, I was a teacher earning \$450 a year, working six hours a day, five days each week during the school year. In addition to my salary, I had inherited some money from my parents which provided me with a nice little income. I fell in love with and married a young farmer, knowing nothing of farm life, except from the misrepresentations of idealists. Having no money himself, my husband induced me to sell my town property, which I did at a loss, and put the money into his hands to invest in a farm and stock. I had such absolute confidence in his love for me and his ability to make good, that I did as he wished without question, and here begins my intimate knowledge of the life of a farmer's wife.

"I was a healthy girl and not afraid of hard work, but my health failed with my first baby, and I found myself unable to do my housework, and the many other duties devolving on a farmer's wife, including cooking, washing, ironing, and mending for the farm-hands. To get and keep a servant-girl in the country is next to impossible, and I was compelled for years to get along with no labor-saving conveniences. After much study, I finally eliminated some of the hardest work; but think what a trial it must be for one who loves and had always been accustomed to beautiful table furnishings, to be obliged to lay her table with white oil-cloth to save the back-breaking toil over the wash-tub and ironing-board, and to act as a waitress to a dozen sweating, malodorous men in overalls and shirt-sleeves, who eat with their knives, gobbling their food to the accompaniment of unrefined and sometimes vulgar table talk. Most of the men who work on farms in this locality are intemperate and nearly all of them smoke, chew, and use profanity. What an environment in which to bring up boys and girls!

"I was fond of pretty clothes, and purchased the usual dainty trousseau, but when my wedding garments wore out, as the best of clothes will in time, I realized that my income had ceased, and, moreover, according to an unwritten

law of the country, fine raiment is not for farmers' wives any way, even if they could afford it, which I could not; so I resigned myself to wear calico and stout muslin for the remainder of my life.

"As a money-making proposition, farming in this section has proven a failure, as the lack of organization, inadequate marketing facilities, and the high cost of labor demand that farm produce be sold at a loss, and now, at the end of twenty years, we find ourselves more deeply in debt than when we started. My little fortune has vanished, and I can do nothing outside my home to add to our income, since my strength is insufficient even for present tasks. I long to give my children a good education, but the expense of sending them to the high school, fifteen miles away, is too great. My husband has no time or inclination to attend church, and we are both too tired to go out in the evening; so we have no social life. The few papers and magazines which we have represent our sole recreation and all that keeps us in touch with the outside world. I am a physical wreck through overwork, too tired to be a companion for my children, too rusty to be a help to them in their studies, and too discouraged to be a good wife. My husband is too proud to admit his failure and still has visions of making the farm pay some time in the future, so refuses to leave and take up some other occupation which would give his family a few of the advantages of civilization.

"This is the condition of things which not only I, but thousands of other farmers' wives, have to put up with, and, as far as I can see, there is no solution short of Reno, and that takes money, which is an unknown commodity among farmers' wives.

"To any young woman who is earning a comfortable salary, and who is considering exchanging her position for life on a farm, my advice is—Don't! No woman is justified in sacrificing her health, happiness, and self-respect for the benefit of any person or consideration. Sacrifice on the part of the wife only feeds selfishness in the husband, and the woman who gives up her independence to become a household drudge, renounces a part of her higher self. I gave up an income of about \$700 a year and a congenial occupation for a life sentence at hard labor with no compensation but a life interest in a third of a heavily mortgaged farm, ruined health, premature old age, and no aspirations. And what shall it profit a woman if she gain even the distinction of having Mrs. engraved on her tombstone, if she lose her health, happiness and good looks!"

To Sacrifice Father or Husband?

THE March editorial said, 'We have a right to beauty about us, to comfort . . . and every flaw, in our own home . . . is susceptible to change.'

"I have been 'putting up with things' that are worse than an ugly view, and I am unable to find a solution.

"My husband's work necessitates constant traveling and I always accompanied him. Three years ago, my mother died (I am the only child), and my father wanted me to live with him—my husband to come there, too, whenever he could. My father has always been kind and thoughtful, and seemed to like to have me with him, but had always rather avoided my husband.

"Things have gone from bad to worse. Father rarely speaks a pleasant word to my husband, and seems to resent his presence.

"My husband has always paid all living expenses, is kind, and has tried to win father's regard.

"Recently we have heard, indirectly, that father has been telling friends about my husband's fancied shortcomings. Father seems to imagine my husband isn't good to him or to me. In my father's estimation everything my husband does is wrong.

"In reality, my husband is very conscientious, is energetic, and is a good, clean, upright man who tries to live up to the Golden Rule.

"Father is past middle age, but not childish. He always was difficult for most people to live with in peace; but has been very kind to me personally and has seemed to love me. I know it would be almost impossible for him to keep any one as helper very long.

"What is my duty? Should I sacrifice my husband to my father (who wouldn't know it was a sacrifice), or leave a notional, lonely old man to finish his life without his only child?

"It seems that one of the two is the only alternative. Which shall it be? I wish some one could help me decide what is best."

Our Sunday

WE live about two miles from town. My husband is obliged to commute, pedestrian fashion, except when it is possible for him to ride a wheel. As his firm is rather economical about hiring help and his position carries some responsibility, he usually works overtime, thus reaching home about nine o'clock. The children are always in bed. After supper, husband sits down to the newspapers and discussions of current events, incidents of my day and his, and so on.

"For these reasons, Sunday has become a gala day in our household. Daddy sleeps late. The children usually wake him by piling into bed with him or going through his clothes in search of their customary Sunday treat. It is impossible for me to get them dressed immediately and down to breakfast on time. So we have a late breakfast, and everybody is happy, indeed, but I am conscious of the usual secret disappointment at not being able to attend church.

"After breakfast, Papa says, with a deprecating glance in my direction: 'Well, I guess I'll finish making that doll's house for the kiddos this morning.'

"I pause in my hurried dishwashing: 'O, Robert! Not to-day!' But the children are already jumping with delight.

"'Oh, now, May,' he says. 'It won't take me half an hour, and it will tickle the young ones. We'll clean up afterward, won't we, kids?'

"I yield with a sigh. The tools and materials are brought in, and in ten minutes the kitchen is a combined Bedlam and Babel. The children prepare to move into their new residence by spreading their toys all over the floor.

"I step on and around tools and toys and husband and children, trying to get dinner and thinking, 'Well, we'll be all straightened up this afternoon, and I'll surely be able to get to church to-night.' So, at dinner time, I marshal my family firmly into their places, intent on forcing order as soon as the meal is completed. But we have only fairly finished when the paper boy arrives.

"There are cries of delight on every hand. Daddy is dragged into the parlor and pushed into the great Morris chair by the slim, eager eldest, who perches herself on the arm of the chair. The chubby twins follow, carrying the paper, sections of which they drop here and there, which must be rescued with difficulty and haste from the excited puppy and creeping babykins. But, finally, Papa gets started on the comic supplement, the children's stories, and then the tide of reminiscence sets in and Papa is obliged to tell or try to tell all the stories they can remember having been told in their short lives, and children have long memories for such things.

"Meanwhile, I have finished clearing the dishes and, treacherously enough, I try to put away the tools and the doll's house, but alas! I am caught in the act. There is a

hurried exodus to the kitchen, several chairs being overturned in the haste, and papers strewn all over. Mother is branded as a traitor and the building is begun again. I try to acquire a little of the spiritual significance of the day by opening my Bible but—

"'May, where's the square? I laid it on the cabinet last Sunday!'

"A howl: 'Mamma! Come quick! Florence is trying to saw off the table leg!'

"Grave Blue Eyes, who is just emerging into girlhood, appears at the door. 'Mamma, I just can't make Papa understand that a clothes closet is absolutely necessary!'

"At twilight, I begin supper preparations, finally venturing into speech: 'Daddy, I think I'll put the children to bed early, and try to get to church to-night.'

"A pained and protesting chorus arises. 'Aren't you going to tell us our bed-time story?'

"'I than't do to bed till Papa doth!'

"'Why, May—the only evening in the week we have together, you always want to go to church!'

"I submit with a sigh, sorry to miss church, yet glad that they will miss me if I do go. We have a late supper instead of an early one. The sleepyheads nod over their bread and milk, and, finally, must be undressed and carried up to bed, even Blue Eyes, usually so tenacious of her dignity.

"Says Daddy, as he gathers up his tools: 'Next Sunday, I'll finish this in about ten minutes. Now for a little visit with wifey!' So we sit and talk about every conceivable subject till finally 'tis bedtime.

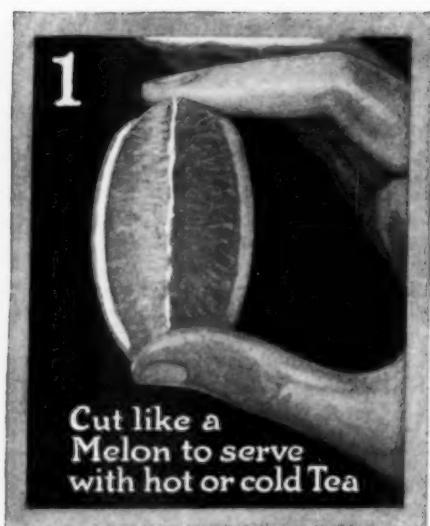
"When I was a child, Sunday was a long, leisurely day, of peace and quiet. Father and Mother were both earnest Christians, and they contrived to infuse into our home Sundays a sense and an atmosphere of sacred sweetness which I recall with longing. Those Sundays have had a potent influence in my life and even the thought of them, sometimes, does me good now. My life at present is over-filled with large and small, but unending and necessary duties and drudgery. I have tried to give myself Sundays such as those my mother enjoyed, leisure to feed the soul and spirit. I have so far found it impossible without gross selfishness on my part.

"Husband and children have their rights. Sunday is the only day they can meet and enjoy each other. Of course, I could go and leave them, but I do not want them to become accustomed to my absence during their jollifications, and besides, there is more to it than the mere church going. So our Sundays are gala days of happy, healthy, riotous confusion and I very seldom go to church.

"It seems as though I shall have to put up with having my house in complete disorder every Sunday, my husband busy and disheveled, the children boisterous and clamoring. But my real problem is: Shall I make an unpleasant fight for a different Sunday or shall I let my dear ones enjoy themselves and each other in their own fashion? Which is better for the children, this affectionate, intimate companionship with their father, or church and Sunday school in the morning and quiet afternoons?

"So far, it seems to me that I cannot justly refuse my husband a day of pleasure with his children. I love to see them happy, but I yearn for a different sort of Sunday."

Editor's Note.—In your June magazine was printed the first group of prize-winning letters in our Human Problem Contest, and solutions, many of them comprehensive, some of them clever, and practically all of them sympathetic, are already pouring into the office in stacks a foot high at every mail. There is still another group of problems, perhaps two more, to be printed in addition to these in this July number, but next month, August, we shall try also to squeeze in some of the best solutions to the June problems. Therefore, don't mislay your June magazine. You may want to read over again the problem to which the solution refers. And I warn you, now, that you are going to be very much interested in the solutions. They are quite as human as the problems themselves.



Sunkist
California's Selected Lemons

For a delicious flavor and a valuable measure of healthfulness in either hot or iced tea—

For an appetizing garnish to serve with fish, game, meats, etc.

Juicy, tart, and beautifully waxy, clean, and bright in color.

Picked with gloved hands, scrubbed with brushes, and sent to your dealer in sanitary tissue wrappers.

Insist on Sunkist.

California Fruit Growers Exchange
Co-operative—Non Profit
Eastern Headquarters:
Dept. B47, 139 N. Clark St., Chicago



THE SMART AUDUBON HAT

STENCIL DESIGNS WHICH CAN BE APPLIED AT HOME

By MARY VAUGHN KNOX

At last, the bird-lover and bird-wearer are in accord! The devotee of wings and feathers may now don the modish Audubon hat upon which is stenciled the gayest of plumage, without having her pleasure marred by thoughts of custom-



FIG. 1 — CHILD'S STRAW HAT WITH FLYING BIRDS, STENCIL DESIGN, 15 CENTS

house collectors or the sufferings and cruelties endured—in the name of millinery—by the bird of paradise, the rare heron, or the orpree. Besides that, she finds that the painted aigrette and bizarre bird are far more practical for dusty summer wear than the dead birds and their accompanying trimmings which have been so long in vogue.

Another charm of the Audubon hat is that one does not have to possess the deft touch of the smart milliner to achieve, at slight expense, an original and distinctive hat. A good stencil design, suited to the shape and color of your hat, a few good stencil brushes, and tubes of oil paint carefully applied—and, for about fifty cents for trimming, you have a hat which you can wear with the certainty that no expensive millinery creation could be more chic or exclusive.

Of the wide variety of Audubon hats, the very easiest ones to make are those stenciled on fabric, although one can obtain altogether satisfactory effects when the designs are stenciled on the straw.

One of the most popular of this year's styles is a large, flat hat of black open-work straw, with a design showing a flight of wild ducks stenciled on linen which circles around the brim (Fig. 2). To make

this hat, a piece of apricot-colored linen should be cut to fit over the black, open-work brim, edged with fringe, both at the opening which fits over the crown of the hat and at the edge, and then stenciled in black. A large button-mold, covered with the linen and edged with the black fringe, will supply all the trimming that is needed. This circular linen piece is simply slipped over the crown of the hat and lies gracefully on the brim. The circular piece should be somewhat smaller than the brim so that the fringe would reach just to the edge. Not the least of the advantages of this style of hat is the possibility of stenciling the design on pieces of different colors of linen to match different dresses. These over-brims can easily be changed whenever the gown is changed. This picture hat is especially suitable for lingerie afternoon gowns.

Other hats are made entirely of fabric—Japanese crêpe, pongee, silk, or linen, the brim being stiffened with canvas, grass-cloth, or peanut straw. The design is stenciled on the fabric before these hats are made up (Figs. 5 and 8).



FIG. 2 — HAT WITH DESIGN ON LINEN OVER-BRIM, STENCIL DESIGN, 25 CENTS

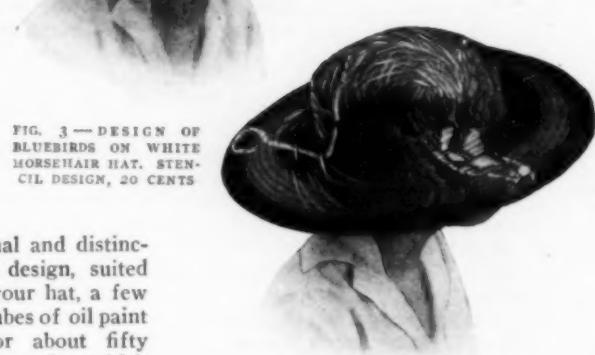


FIG. 3 — DESIGN OF BLUEBIRDS ON WHITE HORSEHAIR HAT, STENCIL DESIGN, 20 CENTS

FIG. 4 — BLACK HORSEHAIR HAT WITH BIRD OF PARADISE, STENCIL DESIGN, 45 CENTS

To make one of these hats, cut two circular pieces of the material, about fifteen inches in diameter, for the top and the lining of the brim. Cut an interlining of canvas, peanut straw, or some other stiff, though not brittle, material for the brim, the same shape but slightly smaller than the brim pieces. The matting that comes around tea-boxes makes an excellent

[Continued on page 53]



THE SMART AUDUBON HAT

[Continued from page 52]

stiffening for these hats, as it has body enough to hold the brim in shape, while it is flexible enough to be graceful, and is not affected by dampness. Place the interlining in position between the top and the lining of the brim, and bind the edges of all three together with a bias band of the material, about one inch wide. It is a good plan to put this binding on the upper side of the brim with a seam on the wrong side, then to turn it over the edge of the hat and hem it down with neat blindstitches on the under side. This will make a binding which looks like an ordinary hat binding.

WHEN the brim edge has been finished, cut out a slightly oval piece in the center for the crown. This, of course, should fit the size of the head, and the edges should be turned in and whipped together. Cut a circular-shaped crown of the material and some soft lining material, about fourteen inches in diameter, turn in the edges, and gather this in place to the brim. Finish the hat with a bias fold of the material, about three-fourths of an inch wide when folded, around the crown, ending in a button-mold covered with the material, on which is a bit of stenciling at one side. If desired, a silk cord to match the sten-

pretty where the bright color of the bird shows through the transparent brim (Fig. 3). A parasol, stenciled to match a picturesque hat of this type, adds an effective touch to the costume.

The thin horsehair hats make good foundations on which to apply stenciled designs. A large flat shape of black horsehair with a bird of paradise falling over



FIG. 5—WHITE JAPANESE CRÈPE WITH WISPY BIRD AND FLOWERS, STENCIL DESIGN, 65 CENTS



FIG. 6—COCK OF GORGEOUS PLUMAGE ON BLACK HAT, STENCIL DESIGN, 25 CENTS

the entire crown, with the head resting on one side of the brim and the flowing tail-feathers falling over on the other side of it makes a striking picture hat (Fig. 4).

A smart walking hat may be made by ornamenting a simple black straw of becoming shape with a single brightly colored bird stenciled on the front of the crown. The barnyard cock lends himself admirably as a model for this type of hat (Fig. 6).

The very small girl may have a stenciled hat as well as her big sister, and the little drooping shapes for children are well adapted to this form of trimming (Fig. 1).

When you come to adjust your stencil to both brim and crown at the same time, some dexterity is required to accomplish the result. Probably the best way of doing this, within the scope of the average amateur, is to cut the stencil in sections (after planning exactly where it is to go) and then to use great care in the joinings. In that way the flying gull or other large

[Concluded on page 56]



FIG. 7—BRIGHT-COLORED PARROTS ON TAN JAPANESE CRÈPE, STENCIL DESIGN, 25 CENTS

ciling may be wound about the bias fold and looped or finished with a tassel at the side. These hats have stenciled designs on the top and on the lining of the brim.

Next to the hats made entirely or partly of fabric, the soft straws and braids are the most satisfactory hats to stencil, because the paint sinks easily into the meshes. Some variety of bluebird design is very appropriate for these hats, and is especially



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TWO SUITS FOR THE SMALL BOY

LESSON 65—THE HOME DRESSMAKER

By MARGARET WHITNEY

SMALL boys' garments are no more difficult to fashion than those for the small girl, and there are many comfortable things for his summer wardrobe which may be easily and inexpensively fashioned at home. Two practical designs have been chosen for the lesson this month. The first (No. 7242) is a suit which would make up well in linen, duck, khaki, serge, or similar suitings. The second model (No. 7270) is a coat romper, intended for the warm-weather comfort of either the very small boy, or the tiny girl. Madras, gingham, cotton crépe, or any of the novelty wash fabrics may be used.

Pattern No. 7242, as illustrated, in natural crash, requires for a boy of eight years, two and seven-eighth yards of thirty-six-inch crash. Suit is cut in five sizes, two to ten years. Price, fifteen cents.

Pattern No. 7270 is fashioned here of one of the quaintly figured cotton crépes which wash and wear so well. It requires for a child of four years, one and three-fourth yards of thirty-six-inch crépe. Pattern may be had in four sizes, two to eight years. Price, ten cents.

To CUT: Directions for cutting on pattern envelope. These should be followed carefully.

To MAKE COAT: Turn in outer edges of trimming-straps a seam's width, slash slightly, and press flat. Pointed ends must be underfaced with the same or a suitable material, to an inch above the two large circle perforations indicated on the pattern. Baste straps to coat fronts with inner edges (indicated on pattern by line of four large circle perforations) along line of small circle perforations, and baste to position, leaving pointed ends free below the two small circle perforations.

Stitch, continuing line of stitching on lined with a suitable lining material, or around the free ends to afford an effective finish.

When the yoke is used, and the material is serge, or an equally heavy fabric, the upper portions of the coat fronts are cut off at line of double circle perforations so that it will not be too bulky, and the yoke attached to the lower portions; but in this instance, crash is used, and the yoke is applied over the fronts, simplifying the making somewhat, and lending a necessary body. Baste front yokes to fronts with notches meeting, fronts, arm-hole and shoulder edges even; turn in lower edges of yoke a seam's width, indicated by oblong perforations, slash turned-in edges slightly, press, baste flat, and stitch. Join shoulder and under-arm seams of coat, try garment on, and mark necessary alterations. When changes have been made satisfactorily stitch seams, press them open, and bind edges with narrow bias strips of the crash or muslin.

Join sleeve seams with notches matching. These seams may be pressed open, scalloped, and bound, as directed for shoulders and under-arms, or the edges may be slashed slightly, folded in toward each other, and stitched together. This second method gives the effect of a French seam and may also be used with shoulder and under-arms if preferred.

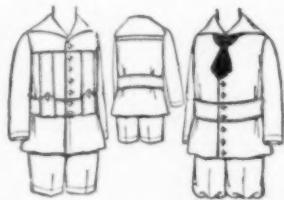
Set sleeves into arm-holes with double notches matching, single notch in top of sleeve at shoulder seam, and edges even, adjust and stitch. When sewing the sleeve in, join with the seam a half-inch bias strip of the crash, cut seam edges away to an eighth of an inch from line of stitching, turn in free edges of the bias strips, and hem them down neatly to cover seams.

Fold in front edges of coat on line of small circle perforations, turn in edges three-eighths of an inch, and stitch down.

The collar may be made double, may be around the free ends to afford an effective may be faced to any depth desired.



BELTED SUIT OF CRASH



OTHER POSSIBILITIES OF NO. 7242

[Continued on page 55]

TWO SUITS FOR THE SMALL BOY

[Continued from page 54]

Baste collar to coat, with center at center-back of coat, notches meeting, and edges even. If collar is made double, the lower portion only is stitched to the coat, the seam edges are slashed slightly, pressed open, and the upper portion brought down, edge turned in, slashed slightly, and hemmed over seam.

Fold back lower edges of sleeves along circle perforations, turn in free edges three-eighths of an inch, and stitch or hem down by hand.

Lower edge of coat is bound with a bias strip of the crash, turned back on the line of oblong perforations, and blind-stitched to coat. In this instance, where crash is used, a line of machine stitching may be used as a finish, if fancied.

The belt is made double, the two pieces being stitched together on the wrong side, turned, pressed, and finished with a line of machine stitching at upper and lower edges. The free points of the trimming-straps are turned up on the line of large circles, and tacked to the coat with a button. The belt is slipped through the straps and closed in front with buttons and buttonholes. The coat is closed from neck to lower edge of belt with buttons and buttonholes. The buttons may be molds, covered with the same material, or may be plain bone buttons. With a wash suit, buttons should be selected which will not break in laundering.

To MAKE THE TROUSERS: Take up darts at back, indicated on pattern by V of small circle perforations, stitch and press flat. Baste up outside and inside leg seams with notches matching, leaving outside seams open from lower edge of extension to top. Join inside seams with notches matching, leaving front open between the small circle perforations. Try trousers on, mark, and make necessary alterations, and stitch seams. Seams are pressed open, scalloped and bound. Underface extension laps on outside leg seams, seaming the facing on with right

side to right side, turning, pressing, and hemming the free edge of facing down neatly on inside of leg. Front edges of these seams are underfaced with an inch-wide facing, the facing being seamed on, turned back, and caught down lightly by hand.

The small lap for the front seam is made double and sewn on to the right edge of the opening, one edge of the lap being seamed on, the other being turned in to cover the seam. The other edge of the opening is bound neatly and pressed flat.

The upper edge, or top of the trousers, is faced with a straight piece of the material or muslin, one and one-half inches wide when finished. This is seamed on around the upper edge, placing right side of facing to right side of trousers; it is folded in, the free edge turned in three-eighths of an inch, and stitched flat by machine.

Turn up lower edge of trouser legs on line of small circle perforations, bind or turn in upper edge of hems neatly, and stitch by machine. Close trousers at sides with buttons and buttonholes, the buttonholes being made in the inside facing, so that, when closed, the buttons are covered.

To MAKE THE ROMPER: When cutting, slash for side openings, along line of double circle perforations in pattern. As one of the soft cotton crépes is the material of the romper, French seams may be used. Baste up shoulder, under-arm, leg, and center seams on the right side with notches matching, leaving fronts open from the extension, just above the single notch in front, to the neck. Try garment on and mark necessary alterations. When changes have been satisfactorily made, stitch seams on the right side, about one-eighth of an inch outside the line of basting; cut seam edges away as close to the line of stitching as possible

without fraying, turn garment, crease seams, and stitch again on wrong side, [Concluded on page 56]



WARM-WEATHER ROMPER FOR BOY OR GIRL



NO. 7270—WITH BELT AND ROUND COLLAR

Are You Like This Woman?



"Labor without reward is the meanest and most irksome thing on earth," she read.



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THE SMART AUDUBON HAT

[Continued from page 53]

bird can be easily stenciled on a moderately large hat. In almost every case, a little freehand touching-up will be found of great advantage. A beautiful hat to carry such a design of flying gulls is made with crown of lavender ratine and brim of the ratine edged with straw braid of a soft gray shade, and a band of the gray straw braid around the crown (Fig. 7).

Since this form of trimming is so gay and novel, the beginner should be conservative in placing the birds. Two or three—oftentimes but one—are quite sufficient for any hat.

THE stencil designs may be done all in one color, or several colors may be used, as desired. If only one color is used for a hat, a 4-inch size tube of paint will be needed, but if several colors are used, a 2-inch size tube of each color will usually be sufficient for one hat.

The stenciling materials for doing this work are not exclusively for hats, but can be used for doing any kind of stenciling.

The entire art of stenciling may be summed up in two "don't's" and one "do." Don't have your paint too wet, or it will run underneath the stencil. If, however, this should happen, do not be dismayed, for you can wash such smears off with a clean rag and a little turpentine. Don't go to the other extreme and have your paint

so thick that it stands up in lumps. It can be thinned with turpentine. A little experience will show you just the right consistency for the medium on which you are working. Fill your stencil brush, wipe it off on a rag, so as to be sure that there are no lumps of paint in it, and then paint with a rotary motion, scrubbing the paint into the hat. Birds are of so many shapes and colors, that you can hardly go astray in stenciling one that will prove truly decorative. Owing to the roughness in the straw, however, you may evolve a variety that Audubon—that most famous of bird lovers—has not included in his great portfolio; but were he living today, he would no doubt rejoice to lend his name to a style that deals so harmlessly and so decoratively with his feathered friends, but leaves the beautiful originals unmolested in their native haunts.

Editor's Note.—Patterns for stenciling any of the designs illustrated in this article can be supplied by the McCall Company. In ordering them state the page and month of the magazine and the figure number of hat on which the desired design is shown. Oil paints in all colors for stenciling, 4-inch size tubes, 10 cents per tube; 2-inch size tubes, 5 cents per tube. Stenciling brush, 6 cents. All supplied by the McCall Company.

TWO SUITS FOR THE SMALL BOY

[Continued from page 55]

taking up a seam deep enough to cover the first one.

Join sleeves with notches matching, using the French finish.

Finish lower edge of sleeves with contrasting bands, cutting bands after the pattern, about two and one-half inches wide.

Set sleeves into armholes with double notches matching, single notches in top of sleeves at shoulder seams, and bind seams.

Fold back front of romper on line of small circle perforations, turn in free edge, three-fourths inch from fold, and stitch.

The adjustable collar is made of contrasting material. It is cut double and seamed together at ends and upper edges from the wrong side. The lower edges are left open. Join underside of collar to neck of romper, with notches matching; slash seam edges slightly, press open, turn in edge of upper portion of collar, and slip-stitch over the seam.

Finish side openings with the continuous facing, directions for which were given in a previous lesson.

Face lower edge of body portion of romper in back, with a straight piece of

material, seaming it on from right side, turning and hemming down by hand.

Upper edge of drawer portion in back is finished with an inside waistband of a straight strip of material an inch wide when finished. This is seamed on from the right side, folded in, and stitched.

Buttonholes are worked in the center back and on each side where indicated by single circle perforation to correspond to buttons which are sewed on body portion.

Drawer legs are turned up on line of large circle perforations, free edges turned in three-eighths of an inch, basted flat, and stitched. Front opening is finished with buttons and buttonholes as illustrated.

Fold in upper edge of pocket for hem, along small circles, and stitch. Turn in outer edges along oblong perforations, baste to romper with upper edges on large circle perforations, and stitch to position.

Editor's Note.—Mrs. Whitney will be glad to assist you with suggestions for making any garment. Write to her concerning any difficulty, enclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope for reply.



YOUR REFRIGERATOR

THE HOUSEWIFE'S BUSINESS—NO. 16

By MAE MCGUIRE TELFORD

WHENEVER I begin to tell the story of my refrigerator troubles in my mother-in-law's presence, the dear old lady settles herself back in her arm-chair with a resigned sigh and becomes intent upon her knitting.

No doubt it does seem a chill and unthrilling recital to people no longer interested in making a given quantity of ice last twenty-four hours in a tiny kitchen, or seventy-two hours in the big pantry of a country house, and keeping in the best condition everything that is supposed to be kept in a refrigerator, without even a hint of the fish for Sunday dinner proclaiming itself in the butter for Saturday supper. But some young housekeepers who have not yet worked out all of these refrigerator problems for themselves may be glad to profit by the experience of one who has.

When I first married and began to keep house in a small apartment I believed that a refrigerator was merely a refrigerator—that is, that any average refrigerator would keep its contents cold and in a state of preservation, just as a cellar would.

It took me only a short time to become wiser, although not wise enough to effect

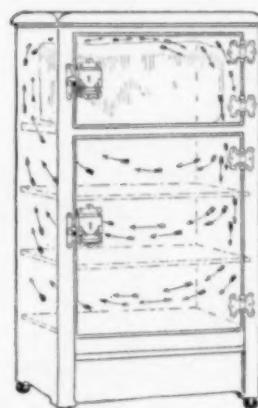


FIG. 1—TOP-ICING REFRIGERATOR, CLOSED



FIG. 2—TOP-ICING REFRIGERATOR, OPENED

much practical improvement. My kitchen was a tiny room, and warm. The refrigerator I had bought—with reference only to its capacity for holding supplies, not ice—was more than large enough to hold all the milk, butter, meat, and vegetables I ever had on hand at one time, but it did not seem to keep some of the things as cool as they should have been, although ice lasted very well from one day to another. I consulted a neighbor about my difficulty, and she suggested wrapping the ice in a blanket or a heavy paper. I tried first one, then the other, then both, with the result that the lump of ice kept much better than before, but my refrigerator still did not seem to do full work for its size.

In addition to this, different things, kept together overnight in the refrigerator, frequently and unexplainably, suggested each other when they came to be eaten. After one dreadful company dinner, when I was forced at the last minute to send to the dairy for more cream because the cream I had saved to be whipped for the dessert had an unmistakable taste of the onions used in the salad, I ceased to trust anything of so strong a flavor as an onion in the refrigerator for even an hour. And as for fish, I ceased buying it altogether.

THAT spring I made a visit to an aunt who was one of the most exquisite housekeepers I have ever known. To her housekeeping was a fine art and every detail worth close study. I confided to her my troubles with my refrigerator, and she gave me the first useful advice I had had. I learned for the first time that the relation between the ice-holding capacity and the capacity for other contents varied in different refrigerators, and that much depended upon the temperature of the room in which the ice-box was kept. I also learned what the circulation of a refrigerator means, and that upon the knowledge of air-currents depends one's success in choosing a refrigerator and in using it with the best results.

Upon the advice of my aunt, I decided to dispose of my old refrigerator and, before buying another, to study the subject carefully in relation to my own needs.

As a result of my study and investigations at dealers, I finally became the possessor of a side-icing refrigerator which had a rather large capacity for holding ice, and a relatively modest capacity for holding supplies. I found this arrangement of space very much better suited to my requirements than that of my first refrigerator. It held all of my ice-box supplies, and required no larger

[Continued on page 58]



PROPER Shampooing is what makes the hair beautiful. It brings out all the real life, lustre, natural wave and color, and makes it soft, fresh and luxuriant.

The hair simply needs frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, but it cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soap. The free alkali, in ordinary soaps, soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it. This is why discriminating women use

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Two or three teaspoonfuls will cleanse the hair and scalp thoroughly. Simply moisten the hair with water and rub it in. It makes an abundance of rich, creamy lather, which rinses out easily, removing every particle of dust, dirt, dandruff and excess oil. The hair dries quickly and evenly, and has the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it is. It leaves the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh-looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to do up.

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YOUR REFRIGERATOR

[Continued from page 57]

piece of ice daily than that which had been used in my first refrigerator. The new refrigerator was an entire success, and I felt fully repaid for my study.

In the side-icing refrigerator, the cold air falls to the bottom from the ice, passes to the other side at the bottom, is pushed upward, and then returns to the ice to be cooled again. (Fig. 3.) This definite path prevents mixing of cold and warm air, and assures the best possible circulation, which means that the whole refrigerator—even the remotest corner—is kept almost uniformly cool. I had learned how to test a refrigerator for circulation, and in consequence, I was satisfied to find that mine varied hardly five degrees in its various parts. This is considered up to the standard of the best refrigerators.

A very simple experiment makes this cooling process easy to understand. To try it, secure some punk, or similar material, that smokes freely without making a flame. See that the refrigerator is in good working order, and has a liberal supply of ice. After all doors have been closed at least half an hour, light the punk. When it smokes well, open the refrigerator quickly and thrust the punk in. The smoke shows any current of air. In a good refrigerator, currents can easily be traced thus. (Figs. 2 and 3.)

It is, from this experiment, easy to see why the refrigerator is cool throughout. The ice cools the surrounding air; this air becomes heavier as it cools, and it sinks to the bottom, pushing the warmer and lighter air up to be cooled. Soon a steady circulation is established. (See the arrows in Figs. 2 and 3.) The good refrigerator is the one that has a good circulation.

Having learned the principle of the circulation of my refrigerator, and how to tell by a thermometer whether it was working as it should, I next tried to overcome the difficulties I had had when trying to keep on my refrigerator shelves at the same time foods that did not affiliate. By this time I understood that it was all a matter of air currents, so with this in mind, I placed the onions where the air would pass from them directly to the ice, where most of the odor would be taken up by the water of the ice; and the milk and butter where the air would fall directly from the ice upon them, passing

from them on to the vegetables and meats, and lastly to the onions or fish.

The plan worked to perfection, and I felt that I had completely mastered my refrigerator problem.

SO I had—as long as my problem remained unchanged. But after a couple of years of housekeeping in the apartment, we moved to a large house in the country, where my refrigerator stood in a sort of store-room, shedded in on one end of the back porch.

With a constant supply of fresh vegetables and dairy products, I needed less space on my refrigerator shelves, but as it was impossible for me to get ice more than once in two or three days, I required more space for ice. I saw that nothing but a new refrigerator would meet the needs of the situation. But my economic sense was opposed to getting merely a larger size, which would mean both a waste of space and a waste of ice. Ice melted more slowly in my porch room than it had in my kitchen, and even with a very small piece of ice the things in the refrigerator were kept better and cooler than they had been with a much larger piece in the kitchen. Therefore it would have been a sheer waste to have bought ice enough to cool a larger shelf space than I used. What I needed was a way to make ice cool a small space for several days.

I found a way—but it meant a different kind of refrigerator from the one which had given perfect service in our little hot kitchen.

This time I bought a top-icing refrigerator; that is, one in which the ice is at the extreme top (Figs. 1 and 2). This arrangement has a certain advantage, as the longer the column of falling cold air, the more rapid and marked the circulation. However, there is no particular path for the cold air to follow in falling, or for the warm air to follow in rising. The desirable feature of this refrigerator, for me, was its large ice capacity in proportion to its size. This is an important point in places where a fresh supply cannot be secured at short notice.

In my porch room, my top-icing refrigerator worked admirably, and I really believe that I have at last solved my refrigerator problem in a practical way.

[Concluded on page 60]

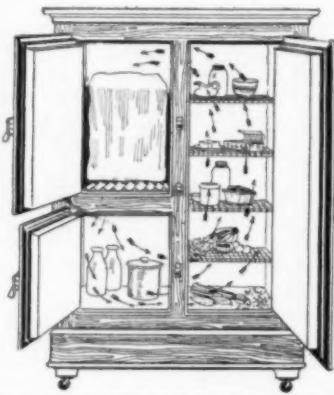


FIG. 3—SIDE-ICING REFRIGERATOR, OPENED



FROM BICYCLE TO SAILMOBILE

THE CLEVER DEVICE OF A BOY

By G. E. WALSH

BOB'S old bicycle had reached the age where it threatened to fall apart any moment from sheer lack of strength to hold together.

"Too bad," he remarked ruefully, "I spent good money for new tires. The rest of the wheel is only good for the scrap heap."

"One of the lessons I learned in shop practise," remarked his cousin John, five years his senior, "was that there is nothing wasted in this world—that is, there should not be. When a thing has served its time of usefulness, and seems worn out, you should try to change it into something else. Old tin cans make good roof shingles; worn-out rubbers can be used for vulcanizing cracks in better ones; cast-off shoes make excellent brake-pads for mountain wagons; and—"

"And old bicycles may make excellent pianos or hand-organs," broke in Bob laughingly.

"No, not quite that," was the serious reply. "But I think I see possibilities in that old machine. The wheels are in pretty good shape, are they not?"

YES, the wheels and the tires are the only parts about it that will stand up."

"It is too bad it didn't have three wheels instead of only two. With three good wheels we could convert that old bicycle into a sailmobile."

"How?" asked Bob eagerly. "If you really need a third wheel, I can get it. Will Langton's bicycle is worse than mine, and he would give it to me for a dime."

"Go and get it then," replied John, handing him the dime. "When you come back I will have my model drawn out on paper."

Bob made a quick trip to his friend's home, and returned with the old bicycle.

His cousin then showed him the drawing he had made. "What do you think of it?" he asked.

"WILL it go?" asked Bob eagerly.

"Fast as the wind—or nearly so. But you need a wide country road for it, or a hard beach where there is plenty of room. You are going to the sea-shore this summer, I believe. That is the ideal place for your sailmobile. You will create a sensation there. Every boy will want to imitate your sailmobile.

"Can you make it now?" asked Bob.

"No, but you can. Here are the drawings. Follow them. If I made it, you would not think half as much of it as if you did the work. I am the draftsman, and you are the builder."

Bob looked dubiously at the drawings, but the more he studied them, the easier they seemed. Gradually, he caught the drift of the lines and measurements. They were all so simple he could surely follow them.

There were two drawings

with all of the measurements specified.

On the next page was a picture of the sailmobile put together, in the act of sailing. To simplify matters for Bob, his cousin noted down for him the following simple directions for making the sailmobile.

[Concluded on page 60]



Annoyed by perspiration? NONSENSE!

Time was, when no matter how many gowns perspiration stained or ruined, nor how much annoyance it caused us, we thought we were helpless to prevent it.

And why? Because then it was scarcely known outside the circle of physicians that no harm will come from stopping the annoying perspiration in limited sections of the body like the armpits, feet, hands and neck.

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NOTE: Thousands of women, and men too, are beginning to realize what an unnecessary mistake they have been making about perspiration. If you are troubled in any unusual and puzzling way by perspiration, or have experienced any difficulty in finding relief, won't you write us now? Your queries will be gladly answered. We know we can help you find the relief you've wanted. See address above.

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FROM BICYCLE TO SAILMOBILE

[Continued from page 50]

"Make your main running-board ten feet long, four inches wide, and one inch thick (Fig. 2). Join two boards of this size together with bolts to make the running-board strong and stiff. Any kind of cheap wood will do—soft pine, whitewood, spruce, or hemlock.

"The cross-piece for supporting the back wheels should be of similar material. You will have to go to the blacksmith to get your axle. This should be four feet and six inches long, and the ends must be fitted to the hubs of your bicycle wheels. This axle may cost you half a dollar. Bolt this iron rod to the under part of the wooden cross-piece. A bamboo pole will make the best light mast. Light-weight sail-cloth, or even heavy unbleached muslin, will do for the sail. The front part of the main running-board rests on the forks of the front of your bicycle, with the handle bars above, so that they can move easily. Half way between handle-bars and steering-wheel insert a wooden cross for the midway steering-gear. Run lines from handle-bars to end of this cross, and then on to cross-piece attached to the steering-wheel. This will make steering safer and easier than if lines ran the full length. Your steering-wheel may be made of a baby-carriage wheel attached to a broomstick, or anything else convenient (Fig. 1). Your seat should be an ordinary wooden box fastened to the cross-piece in back. The cross-pieces in front are to hold the mast stiff.

IN order to fasten the boom, or lower foundation of the mast, and the top cross-section to the vertical bamboo rod,

use screw-eyes. You will need two of these, each of slightly greater circumference than the rod, so that the latter may turn freely. About twelve inches from the top of the main rod, and a sufficient distance from the bottom, place an iron ring which fits snugly, so that, when you drop your screw-eyes on to the rod they will not slide down. The lines drawn from the top of the mast to the rod, if strong enough, will be sufficient support, but the above-mentioned method would be the surest.

"Now, if the boom of the mast is left to swing freely, as shown in the illustration, there is great danger of your being struck and even seriously injured by it. An excellent way of avoiding this is to tie a piece of strong cord to the end of the projecting rod. The conductor, then, should hold this in his hand and let the mast swing as it will, without any danger to himself."

"As your wheels are all ball-bearing, you will find the sailmobile very easy to push or propel. With a very light breeze you can make considerable headway, and in a stiff breeze you will spin along so fast on a hard surface that you will be surprised. On the beach you can stop your headway by twisting the steering-wheel and bringing the bow up into the wind. With a little practise you will be able to run sideways with the wind, or when it is blowing three-quarters over the stern. In a light breeze, you may have to push the sailmobile to get a good start. You will soon become familiar with its working and be able to manage it as well as a sailing-boat."

YOUR REFRIGERATOR

[Continued from page 58]

One point which I found should never be overlooked in considering the merits of any refrigerator is the dryness of the air in it.

Even though ice is constantly melting in the refrigerator, the air should be constantly dry. In fact, one of the best tests of a good refrigerator is to place matches or salt in it. Unless the air is dry enough for the matches to be ignited readily, or the salt kept without caking, the refrigerator is not working well.

The explanation of this is not easy, but yet not impossible, to comprehend. It is a well-known fact that as air becomes warmer, its capacity for holding moisture becomes greater. When the air leaves the ice in its downward path, it is very nearly saturated. It is constantly becoming warmer, however, as it takes up

heat from the stored food and the walls; therefore it can hold more moisture, and will take up moisture from any article. When it again reaches the ice, its temperature is lowered, and it deposits on the ice any excess of moisture picked up.

This circulation explains the way to prevent food from taking up odors.

Where no refrigerator is available, various devices may be used to produce a low temperature. The evaporation of water is one of these, which is effective when the air is dry. Butter, for instance, may be set upon a board which extends across a tub nearly filled with water. A coarse cloth covering the butter and dipping into the water will soon become wet by absorption; then if the whole is placed in a current of air, evaporation will be so rapid that the butter will remain hard.



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HIS MOTHER

[Continued from page 27]

"It must be so much harder for her to give up her home than it is for me to share mine, I should not find fault. I will try not to mind," I concluded loyally.

How much Dick grasped of the tragic situation I do not know. He said nothing. What was there to say? An adored mother versus a cherished wife. But the tightened embrace and gentle smoothing of my hair revealed sympathy deeper than words, and was like balm to my wounds.

The days that followed brought little relief. Hinting that I preferred to do my work in my own way was without effect. I tried to explain, but argument immediately developed, and I saw that old people did not take kindly to instruction. In time, my mother-in-law's presence became most unwelcome. But I kept my grievances mostly to myself. Could I have had the courage to lay down a few sane rules and insisted upon them, running the risk of her displeasure and Dick's misunderstanding me, I might have saved years of nerve-racking experiences for all concerned.

A wholesome dislike, or insane horror, of domestic friction helped to keep me silent through years of untold agony, making me, for a while, not only taciturn but rebellious at heart and almost melancholy in spirit. The more I inwardly resented the interference, the more assiduously it was thrust upon me. Had my mother-in-law been accused of wanting to manage, she would have denied it, and, no doubt, thought she was sincere. But, consciously or unconsciously, she pressed her way upon me until life became a burden.

One Sunday morning, after the troublesome days had stretched into eternities of misery, I took down the dishpans in great haste to get through the morning work before church time. As usual, she began telling how she did when she washed dishes. It proved just the one straw too many.

In no mild tone, I blurted out: "When you wash the dishes, you may do as you please; and I'll do the same."

A faint apology came from her lips that she meant no harm, and saw no reason for such an outburst. The dishes were finished in silence.

We did not return until evening. I found my mother-in-law had not gone to her church, and the gloom depicted upon her face plainly showed how she had spent the day. I was glad when Dick decided on going to church that evening, for I knew reparation must be made; and, with it, I hoped for a clearer understanding between his mother and myself.

She retired to her room directly on Dick's leaving, and after a few solemn moments in mine, upon my knees, I rapped at her door. My first move was to

apologize for my rudeness. Whereupon I was immediately and plainly told there had been no occasion for it.

I then tried to make it plain to her that, from the first, she had thrust her way upon me, that it had worried me into a nervous state that made me speak crossly when I least expected to do so.

She denied this vehemently and at length. The flash of steel was in her eye and passion in her voice. I was astonished beyond measure! The embodiment of humble, helpful goodness suddenly flamed into rebellious ire. I had never seen this side of her before. I gazed as upon a stranger suddenly dropped down before me. I remember wondering what she was like when young and full of fire. What a splendid fight she would have put up! But would she have meekly endured what I had endured so long?

When opportunity afforded, I assured her that I was confident that she had not meant it so. And I had tried to overlook it, wanting, above all things, to make her comfortable and happy.

"But," I insisted, "you have done so, and it makes me nervous, and I must ask you to desist in the future."

Again she stoutly denied everything, accusing me of flagrant untruth. "There's not a word of truth in what you say, and you know it. You are just taking advantage of an old, helpless woman." Here tears began to flow, and her voice trembled. "I have done nearly all your drudgery; and this is all the thanks I get for it. Very few mothers-in-law would do as much as I have done." Her voice took on firmness again.

The tears almost unbalanced me. I felt like a merciless brute. I wanted to take back everything I had said to soothe her grief. Age, in tears, is far more pathetic than youth, yet how much alike in unwarranted assertions to carry a point.

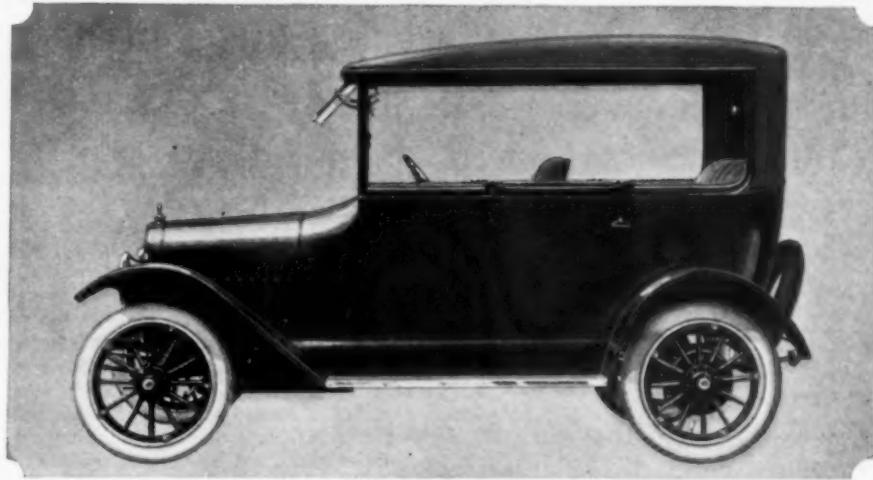
I think I wavered a moment, but I, too, was on my mettle by this time. I had suffered long and much. I was like two persons: one, my old self, preferring to suffer rather than give pain, the other cold, firm, and intent on justice. I marveled at my calmness.

Seeing the fruitlessness of argument, I recalled an instance to refresh her memory. "You remember how persistently you insisted upon my dampening the broom your way when I swept?" I asked quietly, looking her straight in the face.

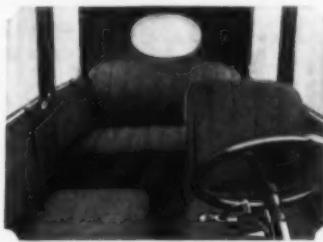
She caught her breath. I knew she remembered. A moment's silence, then tersely, "Anyone with good sense would know that was the best way."

It was my turn to catch my breath. Mothers-in-law were going down in my estimation in headlong leaps.

[Concluded on page 64]



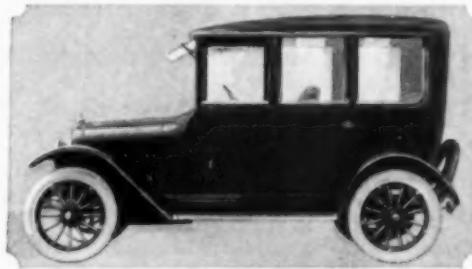
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HIS MOTHER

[Continued from page 62]

"You might as well know, first as last," I answered, controlling my voice as best I could, "that I must have the right in my own house to do as I please."

"Moreover, you have done none of my drudgery that you have not pushed yourself in front of me to do. I have never asked, expected, nor wanted you to do it."

I was quite breathless after this speech, frightened that I had said so much. I felt as if I had definitely ended a certain period of my life, as if I had ruthlessly put beyond any further mending a relation that should have been sweet. Even though I still felt that what I had said was the only possible reaction, yet I hated the admission of total failure that it was. With a distraught realization that I had passed through the hatefulest experience of my life—that of quarreling with a senior and a relative—I turned and left the room.

I told Dick all when he came home, only softening it by blaming myself far more than I felt I deserved. Poor Dick!—between the fire and the deep sea—what could he do? But I felt his sympathy like a great, soft, moist cloud over my hot, parched spirit.

The house was wonderfully quiet for about three weeks. No one seemed inclined to say more than was necessary. But, after that, either from natural ingenuousness or childish oblivion of past experiences, my mother-in-law lost her reticence and gradually went back to her old ways. And, unless my ears deceived me mightily, determination whetted her voice. I admit defiance often rankled mine, despite my effort to conceal it.

It is needless to relate the nerve-torturing, sleep-wrecking years that intervened; suffice it to say that chronic insomnia is now the distressing heritage of both. However, I have learned to be a law unto myself, live for my family, and relegate annoyances to the background as much as possible. But what of her? While years have given me strength, poise, and experience, they have taken from her, notwithstanding the tenacity with which age holds on to youth and power.

She seems not to understand the undefined, invisible barrier that has arisen between us, that excludes her from the kitchen when I am there. Washing dishes and paring potatoes by herself are not what she wants. It is to manage. She is lonesome. Her room is a dull place with only the footstool and her patchwork to talk to. She is puzzled at the inhospitable atmosphere that greets her when she comes out with a choice bit of family history and her old receipt for brown bread and baked beans, and wants to know if there isn't something she can do.

She does not take into account—nor, perhaps, even guess—the years of mid-

night wrestling that have made it possible for her still to call her son's home her own. That is a silent chapter. But, at the time in life when sympathy and loving care are about all that is worth while, there is little in the cup but silent tolerance.

Do not misunderstand me. She has the best of care; the easy chair is vacated by any member of the family when she enters; nor chick nor child—although they are now as large as their mother—is allowed to speak crossly or disrespectfully to her, no matter what the provocation. But, also, there is not a member of the family—not excepting Dick himself—that will not find an excuse whereby to escape recitals of family history, or slip out unnoticed, if possible, to avoid explaining why, how, and where he is going, when, why, and how he will return, and the usual admonition that it is too cold, hot, or imprudent to go at all.

Her friends still admire her and marvel that she is so bright and well preserved for one her age. Only my most intimate friends shake their heads and say: "I don't see how you have stood it."

But I know! Love knows many things too deep for friendship.

It is hard, doubtless, after years of responsibility to yield up the management to a younger generation, and sit back with empty hands and idle brain. I am still willing to make allowance for old age. Had my mother-in-law been able to keep her own home and not come to live with us, no doubt I should still think her quite ideal, for she has many lovely qualities.

But my nerves are too frayed, too jaded, too contorted with the long years of too close companionship rightly to appreciate her virtues. And there's the pity—for one that has lived well in her prime to be so little appreciated in her decline. What a shame! What a crime! But who is the criminal?

I am human; but I have tried, tried hard, continually try, yet my sympathy has shamelessly dwindled. I know now why mothers-in-law are joked about. But to me it is not humorous, but tragic. Oh, what agony, what martyrdom for both!

Could this partial account of my experience serve as a warning to some kindly disposed young wife who thinks, because she is happy with her Dick, she can live serenely with his mother, I will feel repaid for my effort. The bitter dregs of my cup have been wrung out to write this.

"Better a crust with contentment—and better a half loaf and live to yourselves—and let the other half go to keeping 'His Mother' or 'Your Mother' in her own home where she can manage her own affairs in her own way."



NEW VEGETABLE SOUPS SEASONABLE FIRST COURSES

By H. B. SPOFFORD and H. B. MERRILL

SQUASH SOUP.—Cook in a double boiler for twenty minutes, one quart of milk, one tablespoonful of flour, one slice of onion, two-thirds of a cupful of squash, and salt and pepper to taste. Strain before serving.

ASPARAGUS SOUP.—To two-thirds of a cupful of the water that asparagus has been boiled in, add one pint of milk.



Thicken with a tablespoonful of flour and add two teaspoonfuls of butter, salt, and pepper. When serving, add a few of the boiled asparagus tips.

SPINACH SOUP.—Use one quart of any kind of soup stock. Chicken stock is best. Add two cupfuls of boiled spinach, and salt, pepper, and paprika to taste. Let boil for about twenty minutes, strain, and add pieces of macaroni one-half an inch long. Cook in double boiler until macaroni is soft.

CREAMED CABBAGE SOUP.—Boil one small white cabbage until soft. Put through a colander, and add one quart of milk, one and one-half tablespoonfuls of flour, two tablespoonfuls of melted butter, a saltspoonful of salt, and a few grains of paprika. Cook in a double boiler for ten minutes. Serve with grated Parmesan cheese sprinkled on top.

SWEET POTATO SOUP.—Boil three medium-sized sweet potatoes and put them through a ricer. Add one quart of milk, a tablespoonful of flour, two teaspoonfuls of butter, salt and pepper to taste.

BAKED BEAN SOUP.—To one quart of California pea beans that have been baked all day, add one quart of water. Let simmer on the stove for an hour. Strain this and add one teaspoonful of Indian meal, two teaspoonfuls of flour, two tablespoonfuls of butter, a bit of celery salt, salt and pepper, and juice of one-half a lemon. Cook until smooth, and serve with rings of hard-boiled egg.

LETTUCE SOUP.—Wash thoroughly one head of lettuce, cover with water, and boil until soft. Add one quart of milk, and heat the mixture to boiling point in a double boiler. Strain, and add paprika, salt and pepper, and a tablespoonful of butter. Serve with radishes on top.



The Dish That Belongs to June

Puffed Wheat and Rice—the bubble grains—seem to belong to summer. They are light and airy, dainty and inviting. Summer brings flower-decked breakfast tables, and Puffed Grains seem to fit there. Summer brings berries, and Puffed Grains mixed with them make them doubly delightful.

Summer brings dairy suppers. And these airy tit-bits, flaky, toasted and crisp, are the morsels to float in milk.

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These are both foods and confections. Keep a package of them salted, or doused with melted butter, for the children to carry at play.

Use them in place of nut meats, in candy making, on a frosted cake, or as garnish for ice cream.

Almost every hour of the day, from breakfast to bedtime, brings some use for Puffed Grains. People consume, at this time of the year, a million packages weekly.

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YOUR BRUSH AND COMB

COMMON-SENSE BEAUTY TALKS

By ANNETTE BEACON

WHEN some disconsolate friend complains to me, "I just can't get rid of my dandruff, though I'm so careful about shampooing, and I brush and brush my hair, and I massage my scalp, and do all the things which everybody says I ought!" I am conscious of a desire to take a sly peek at her hair-brushes.

For right there lies the secret of many an obstinate case of dandruff. It does no good whatever to apply tonics and cleansers and shampoos to the offending scalp, to remove the obnoxious dandruff, when the brush which has been in use daily has the power of reinfecting it.

Next to choosing the right kind of brush for your hair, comes the importance of caring for it properly. If you have curly hair or long, thick tresses, you need a stiff bristled brush. Choose one with rather long bristles, of uneven lengths, and be sure you buy a good one. An ivory or tortoise-shell back is a luxury—plain wood will serve your purpose—but good, strong, firm bristles are a necessity.

Having chosen your brush, take care of it. After each using, shake and beat it, pass the teeth of the comb between its bristles, lengthwise and crosswise, and wipe it thoroughly with a soft cloth. This is when the hair and scalp are perfectly healthy. Twice a week (or oftener, if the bristles show any sign of soil) wash the brush carefully. For this, you need two shallow pans. In one, place warm (not hot) water, into which you have thrown a generous amount of washing-soda. The other should contain warm water, as well, with a dash of your favorite perfume.

Now, swish your brush back and forth through the soda water, being careful that the back is not submerged. Do this for a minute or more, then transfer to the second pan and swish about. Give it one more bath in the soda solution, a last rinsing in the perfumed water, and your brush will be clean and dainty.

TO CLEAN YOUR
COMB, USE A
SET OF STRINGS
SHAPED LIKE A
RAZOR-STROP



YOUR BRUSH
SHOULD BE
STERILIZED
FREQUENTLY



It should be dried very quickly, else the bristles will soften and thus lose half their efficiency. Stand the brush on its side on the window-sill in the bright sunlight, or, if the day is cloudy, near a radiator or other artificial heat. Never put your brushes on a radiator, however, or you will ruin them, causing backs and bristles to part company. And do not leave them to dry on their backs, as this position holds the moisture in the brush, softens the bristles, and loosens them from the back.

WHEN the scalp is covered with dandruff, the brush should be cleansed after every using. Otherwise, no treatment of the scalp will have any effect, as the brush simply reinfects the scalp each time it touches it.

There is no objection to a soap-and-warm-water bath for a brush, instead of the soda bath, but the soap should be used merely to make a sudsy water and not rubbed on the bristles; and, after the cleansing, the brush should be rinsed in borax or ammonia water (one tablespoonful of borax or ammonia to a quart of water).

Brushes need even more than mere washing. Once a week, in cases where the hair is not entirely healthy, and once a month where cleanliness is the only point to be considered, they should be thoroughly sterilized. After washing them,

[Concluded on page 67]



YOUR BRUSH AND COMB

[Continued from page 66]

and before drying, place in a shallow pan containing enough four per cent. solution of boric acid to cover the bristles but not to immerse the backs, and let remain for ten to fifteen minutes, when remove and dry in the ordinary manner.

Another good sterilizing bath is a weak solution of formaldehyde.

It is a good plan to have two brushes, one with long, stiff bristles, to be used in separating tangled hair and reaching the scalp; the other with soft, rather short bristles, to be applied merely to polish and burnish the hair after comb and other brush have been thoroughly used. For the polishing brush, put a drop of jasmine or geranium oil in the palm of one hand, and pass the bristles of the brush lightly over it. This imparts the shadow of a delicate perfume to the hair—not enough to be in bad taste, but just a faint, elusive, flowerlike fragrance.

IN choosing a comb, the teeth should be long, and blunt or rounded, and set rather widely apart, if your hair is curly or very heavy—close-set teeth are not only impracticable for such a head of hair, but actually destructive. A long, curving handle will be found convenient. For scanty hair, a comb set half with closely set teeth and half with coarse teeth is desirable.

The comb needs daily attention. After each using, it should have any clinging dust removed from it by running it back and forth on a string stretched taut from a door-knob or chair-back. You can buy a set of strings put together like a razor-strop, with metal loops at each end; or you can duplicate the idea for yourself with little trouble.

Whenever you wash your brush, wash your comb, and sterilize it as frequently.

Never, under any circumstances, use the small old-fashioned fine comb; it tears the hair, irritates the scalp, and causes dandruff.

Your complexion-brush needs careful rinsing in borax water after every using, and sterilizing once a week in ammonia water.

To be beautiful, we must be spotlessly clean; to be clean, we must use sanitary measures in the care of every article needed to compass our toilet.

So look to your combs and brushes, and note the improvement in hair, scalp, and skin.

Editor's Note.—Miss Beacon will be glad to advise in regard to all toilet conveniences, as well as to lend every aid to the woman who wishes to improve her appearance and her health. Inquiries will be answered by mail, if a stamped, addressed envelope accompanies the request.

Resinol Soap
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Even the most particular women find Resinol Soap delightfully pure and cleansing. But also it contains just enough of that gentle, soothing Resinol medication to relieve clogged, irritated pores, reduce the tendency to pimples, and give Nature the chance she needs to make the complexion clear, fresh and velvety.

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Resinol Soap contains absolutely no alkali or artificial coloring, so may be used freely on the most delicate skin. Sold by all druggists and dealers in toilet goods. For a dainty trial-size cake free, write to Dept. 10-G, Resinol, Baltimore, Md.

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CINDERELLA—1916

A SPRING-TIME LOVE STORY

[Continued from page 15]

Twenty yards—thirty yards ran Cinderella with the speed of a startled fawn, and, then, those abominable little bronze pumps played her a scurvy trick. A little leap across a brambly path, a sudden catching of those curved heels in silken flouncing—and they basely deserted.

Well, of course, one can run in thinly stocking feet—on a ballroom floor, for instance, one's record might not be so bad—but in the woodsy part of a park—well, one generally runs just about so far—and so it befell that very, very soon Hardinge's arms made a prison house for Cinderella where she leaned, with her face hidden, against a tall pine's trunk. Worse than that, the traitor bronze pumps were safely stowed away in the pockets of a most correctly tailored coat.

"Check!" said Hardinge's deep voice, with a most wicked note of exultation in it. "Why did you run, Princess? You must have known that I would surely run after!"

"I DID not!" flamed Cinderella with a suddenly wrathful look. Then she buried her head again in her folded arms. "I ran," she stormed, "because I wanted to get away. I—I'm not your wonderful Miss Kincaid at all. I'm just a horrid, cheap, common, little story teller! Please—please don't make me—talk—any more. You—you couldn't understand, anyway. You've got heaps—of friends—and—every—thing—oh, please go away and forget all about it!"

If she could only have seen his eyes as they rested on her shamed, bent head! If she could only have felt his arms as they made a swift involuntary movement toward her and then fell at his sides!

"I think," said Hardinge, very quietly, "that we'll have to talk this over, Princess. I am not ready to leave—Arcady—yet, and I feel a very strong desire to tell you—a fairy story. If you'll just sit down a little while—"

Cinderella shook a stubborn head.

"I'm going home," she insisted. "You—you wouldn't want to talk to me if you knew. I'm a sham! This—this dress is a—cast-off. My pumps came from a bargain sale. I live in a little box of a ballroom and—oh, please go away and let me get my shoes—please!"

"I have Your Highness' shoes in my pocket and there they stay for the present," replied the man firmly.

Cinderella whirled around. "Oh!" she breathed fiercely, "how—mean—of you! I suppose you're the kind of man who makes a row over the bills every month, and won't eat cold meat, and snubs his wife's relatives and nags at her—"

"I haven't any wife," corrected Hardinge pleasantly, "and I'll have to think over the other indictments. Cold meat, for instance, opens up quite a large field for discussion. Just now I'd rather tell you that fairy story. Please be a gracious princess a little longer. Please!"

After a long minute, Cinderella turned her head. Her shamed eyes met his pleading ones, sank lower still and beheld a yard or so of frivolous silk flouncing spread behind her like a fan. Crimson to her brown hair, she sank down into a little crumpled heap upon the grass.

"That's better," approved Hardinge, leaning against the pine. "Graciousness is a lovable trait in a princess. Are you listening? I'd like your whole attention, please."

"Why don't you go tell it to your lovely Miss Kincaid?" burst out the tormented Cinderella. "She's the proper one to hear it, and, anyway, I simply loathe fairy stories. I have to tell perfect reams of them to the children at the library every Friday afternoon. I hate fairy stories—they never come true. Please give me my shoes."

Hardinge folded his arms and looked up appreciatively

at the wondrous pageant in the western sky. "So far as I know," he said deliberately, "no Miss Kincaid exists."

"What?"

"So far as I know," he repeated calmly, "no Miss Kincaid exists. I, too, am a horrid, cheap, common prevaricator. I think those were the qualifying adjectives you made use of, Princess."

The astounded Cinderella looked blankly up at his serene face, opened her mouth, and closed it again without a sound, and fell to picking aimlessly at a disreputable little flower on the last year's hat.

"Which brings us to the fairy story," went on Hardinge easily, as if continuing an idle conversation about the weather. "May I sit here? Thank you. . . . Well, once upon a time there was a little boy, born in one of those big, imposing barracks on the Avenue which are pointed out to tourists as the homes of the idle rich. I think he was rather a nice boy as boys go, but he was so terribly lonely. A German governess taught him languages and music. She was gray and fifty. A French maid served his meals. She laughed at his shy ways—and made him more silent and shy than before. He saw his beautiful mother at least once a day and his busy father at least once a week. When he was nine, being rather a nuisance, I suppose, he was sent away to a famous and very expensive school, and when he was nineteen to a very famous college.

BY that time—are you listening, Princess?—he had found out that there was a deal of money at his back and that money buys many lovely things—and many shams as well.

"After—after a while, this young man found himself alone in the world, in sole control of his fortune. In spite of his many friends, he was still lonely. The world seemed to be peopled with money worshipers. Everywhere, he saw men fighting for it; selling their souls for it. He saw mothers bartering their lovely young daughters, very willing sacrifices, many times, to it. He—he had his own very miserable experiences in this last matter, Princess—sordid, mortifying experiences, because always in his heart he had carried the image of Her who was one day to come into his life and put loneliness to flight forever.

"I'm afraid he became a rather moody, disagreeable chap. His big barn of a house on the Avenue gave him the horrors; so he closed it up. He lent his sea-going yacht, his country places, and his cars to his pleasure-loving friends and relatives, and went to live at a club. He substituted books for friends, long walks for social diversions, and, one day, as he was browsing idly in the library over yonder he heard a girl's voice. That voice clutched at his heart-strings like a vise because, you see, it was Her voice, and he had waited weary years to hear it.

"Quite shamelessly—are you listening still, Princess?—he peered around a marble column and then he saw—her. She was sitting in a little, low chair, sunlight from a wonderful window on her brown hair, hands clasped around her slim knees, telling a fairy story to a group of wide-eyed kiddies—dirty, ragamuffin kiddies of the streets—and the man listened, as enthralled as they, to the very end.

"When the great library freed Her from duty that night, he followed Her home. He has done that every day, now—every day, that is, when she has been on duty—for a year and two weeks, and to-day he followed Her to the park, and, in his desperation and loneliness and fury, because he had not the right to protect Her—he lied. Are you ever going to forgive me, I wonder?"

[Continued on page 76]

Lazell Perfumer

OUT there with the blue above and the blue below, wind and sun work havoc with the sensitive skin. Then the cool, velvet touch of this exquisite powder is like the gentle caress of soothing fingers, instantly easing the burning ache and the irritation.

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To prevent sunburn and windburn use Crème de Meridor in liberal quantities before going on the beach. It wards off the discomforts of an irritated skin and safeguards the complexion.

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Soap, Talcum and Toilet Water in the fascinating Massatta odor, miniature jar of Lazell's Crème de Meridor—best known and most effective skin cleanser—and box of Sweet Pea Face Powder. All packed in gold colored Beauty Box (illustrated below), convenient for traveling or home use. Sent on receipt of 25 cents and name of your dealer.

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PINEAPPLE ADE.—Peel, eye, and chop into fine pieces a ripe pineapple or use a canful of pineapple, chopped. If the ripe fruit is used, cook as in preserving, to get juice. Add half a cupful of sugar syrup, a half pound of stoned red cherries, the juice of three lemons, and a quart of water. Put a stick of cinnamon in each glass.

ORANGE SHAKE.—Take the juice and fruit of one dozen oranges. Add sugar enough to make very sweet. Pour over it a bottle of charged water. Shake thoroughly, and serve in tall, frosted glasses full of cracked ice.

TEA PUNCH.—To a quart of tea, add the juice of six lemons, six whole cloves, three sticks of cinnamon, and a cupful of the sugar syrup. Serve over cracked ice,

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COOL DRINKS FOR WARM DAYS

By RENA CAREY SHEFFIELD

WHEREVER the summer hostess may establish herself—in mountain bungalow, or seaside cottage, or in her own home in town, with her garden and tennis court thrown open to her friends and neighbors—she will find a pitcher or bowl of iced punch a necessary part of her hospitality. For her benefit, a list of tested and delicious receipts for summer drinks is given below. With this list pinned to her pantry wall, and with a bottle of sugar syrup (made of two cupfuls of sugar and a quart of water boiled over a quick fire), a bottle of grape juice, and one of charged water, in her ice-box, she will be prepared for any social emergency.



with a slice of lemon hung on the rim of the glass.

SWEET CIDER WITH LEMON PEEL.—Put ice in a glass. Pour over it sweet cider

into which the peel of a lemon has been cut spirally. To cut this spiral, begin at the top, and pare round and round slantwise, to the bottom.

GRAPE BOUNCE.—To one pint of grape juice, add three lemons, their

grated rinds, one-half cupful of sugar syrup, and a pint bottle of charged water. Serve ice cold with cheese squares.

CHEESE SQUARES.—On salted crackers, spread grated yellow cheese and a thin layer of butter. Over this sprinkle red pepper. Set in a hot oven, and, when toasted, serve immediately.

FROSTED COFFEE.—Make strong coffee, by any of the percolator methods. Add to this half a cupful of rich cream and one-half cupful of marshmallows that have been melted over the fire in a double boiler. Sweeten with sugar syrup. Serve in frosted glasses, over crushed ice.

ICED CHOCOLATE MINT.—Make a rich, sweet chocolate. Melt one-half dozen peppermint creams, and add to the chocolate. Fill a glass with crushed ice and two fingers of cream, and pour in the chocolate mint.

LEMON PUNCH.—Extract the juice of six lemons, and add to it one bottle of ginger ale, one-half cupful of grated cocoanut, two cupfuls of sugar syrup, and one tablespoonful of preserved ginger. Mix well and serve in a punch bowl, over ice.

CIDER CUP.—Fill a pitcher with cracked ice. Pour over it one quart of sweet cider, one bottle of soda, and sugar syrup enough to sweeten. Add sliced peaches, bananas, cherries, strawberries and pineapple. Serve with a sprig of mint.

BERRY PUNCH.—To one bottle of charged water add one grapefruit, pulp and seeds removed, one cupful of apricot

[Concluded on page 71]



COOL DRINKS FOR WARM DAYS

[Continued from page 70]

juice, one cupful of red and white raspberries, and sugar syrup to sweeten.

HORSE'S NECK.—Fill tall, frosted glasses with iced ginger ale, into which has been cut a spiral of thin lemon peel. Serve with long straws.

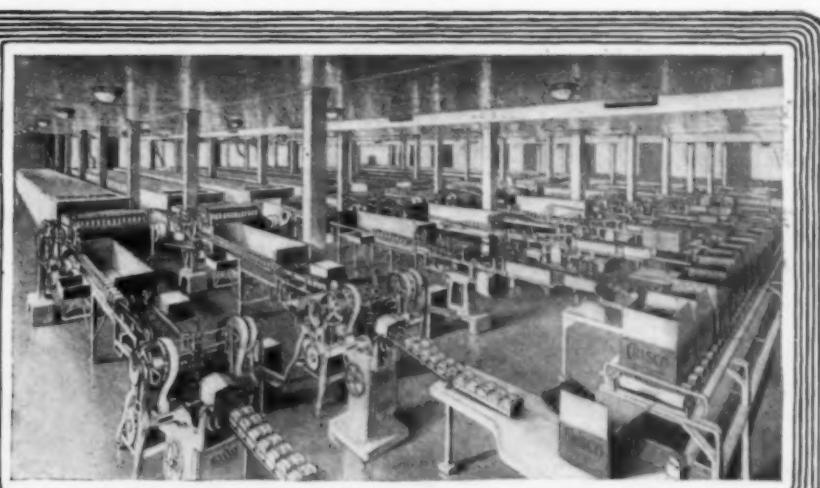
WHITE-CURRENT FRAPPE.—To one boxful of white currants, which have been crushed, and covered overnight with a pint of sugar, add diced citron, six whole cloves, three lemons, four cream peppermints crumbled up, a quart of charged water, and sugar syrup to taste. Serve over cracked ice, with a cream peppermint hung on the rim of each glass.

GRAPE-JUICE FILLIP.—To a pint of grape juice, add half a dozen oranges from which rind, fiber, and seeds have been removed, two bananas, a handful of Malaga grape meat, and sugar syrup, in which candied ginger has been melting.



STRAWBERRY FLUFF.—Crush a boxful of strawberries, making them very soft. Cover with sugar, and leave overnight. Add half a cupful of cocoanut, grated, a can of Hawaiian pineapple, half the pineapple syrup, a quart of soda, and the juice of three lemons. Fill glasses with crushed ice, and pour this in.

APPLE CUP.—This drink calls for six finely flavored tart apples, three lemons, one-half stick of cinnamon, two pounds of brown sugar, two cupfuls of seeded raisins, and three whole cloves. Remove the cores from the apples, and cut them up, with the peels on them. Put them into a porcelain kettle with the raisins and spices and the grated rinds of the lemons. Add two quarts of cold water, and bring to a boil. Add another quart of cold water, and boil for half an hour. Five minutes before taking from the fire, add the brown sugar. When thoroughly dissolved, remove from stove and strain through a muslin bag. When cool, add lemon juice. Serve over cracked ice, with a ring of lemon on the side of the glass. Blackberry Cider can be made in the same way, by serving with soda, and using only the two quarts of water in boiling.



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Sunshine Cake

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2 cupfuls flour
2 teaspoons baking powder
½ teaspoonful salt
4 tablespoonsful Crisco
½ cupful sugar

4 egg yolks
½ cupful milk
1½ teaspoonful lemon juice
(orange juice may be substituted for milk)

(Use level measurements)

Sift the dry ingredients together. Cream the Crisco, and add sugar gradually, creaming after each addition. Beat the yolks until light and foamy. Add to the creamed Crisco and sugar. Add flour and liquid alternately. Bake from fifteen to twenty minutes.

"A Calendar of Dinners" is a handsome, cloth-bound, gold-stamped book of practical value to every housewife. It contains a dinner menu for each day in the year, 615 recipes carefully selected and tested by Marion Harris Neil, the well-known cooking authority, and the illustrated, interesting Story of Crisco. It is worth a place in every housekeeper's library and is a great help in choosing suitable dishes for these summer days. Write for it. Five two-cent stamps will bring it to you. Address Department L-7. The Procter & Gamble Co., Cincinnati, Ohio. A paper-bound edition without the "Calendar of Dinners" but with 250 recipes is free.



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VACATION HOUSEKEEPING

A CARE-FREE SUMMER THROUGH SIMPLIFIED SYSTEM

By ADELAIDE ALLEN ANDREWS

A NEWLY purchased cottage on the shores of one of the Great Lakes lent to our last summer's vacation a dignity and importance which had never before been attached to a vacation in all of our existence as a family.

It was a very modest little cottage, roughly finished and suggestive of life in a camp, and just big enough to make comfortable quarters for our own family of four, plus a family of three relatives who always spent their summers with us. But it was our very own, and its call was strong to us during the long, hot days of late spring in the city. We responded with appetites keen for all the delights which that call meant to us.

I, as head of the household, resolved in those early days of possession, before we made our pilgrimage to our camp-like cottage, that I would not resign my right to a share in those expected delights, and to a care-free vacation, just because the work of the household fell upon me. After giving much thought to the matter, I decided to eliminate all unnecessary labor, all formal table service, and,

we were soon ready to join the rest of the party on the beach, off for a fishing expedition, for a tramp in the woods, a sail on the lake, or anything that came up in the day's good time.

Before leaving the city, I purchased from a wholesale grocery, a crate of two hundred and fifty wooden plates for seventy-five cents. Next I bought a three-yard table-cloth of white oilcloth, several bundles of white crêpe paper, a bunch or two of paper doilies, many dozens of paper napkins, and a dozen Turkish towels of medium size.

The wooden plates were used at all meals where possible, and always for bread, cakes, and all dry foodstuffs. After each meal they were burned—not washed—and the labor of washing them eliminated. Sometimes they were used over a second time, as when doing duty as serving-dishes for the dry foodstuffs.

The oilcloth was finished on the ends by pasting a two-inch hem with library paste. I asked for the long pasteboard tube on which the cloth is ordinarily rolled in the store. This was kept to roll the table-cloth on after each meal, as our dining-room is also our living-room. The roll was then stowed in a convenient corner, burlap table-runners substituted, and we had a big, living-room table.

The paper napkins, of course, saved



last, but not least, all pretentious summer clothes, and to reduce the absolutely necessary work of the household to such system that it could be done without encroaching upon the vacation rights of any member of the family—not even myself.

After our system had been established and in working order for a few days, we found our meals were always on time, our dishes out of the way in a twinkling, and

much washing. We did not prefer them to cloth ones, but we liked to be rid of the annoyance of keeping a laundress. The crêpe paper helped to make the table attractive when we had guests, and did duty for covers for our dressing-tables. It was both convenient and cleanly, as it could be renewed at will. The little paper doilies served to hide the ugliness of the

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VACATION HOUSEKEEPING

[Continued from page 72]

wooden plates on state occasions, and were used in the place of real doilies on our buffet shelf.

The Turkish towels were used entirely, excepting for dishes, and thus another phase of ironing was eliminated.

We used our cups without saucers for nearly every meal, and dispensed with the removal of dishes for our dessert course, serving it on the table with the rest of our dinner in genuine camp fashion.

Each woman of the party possessed a cotton crêpe shirtwaist, and two gingham dresses, which did duty for every day. The children had two crêpe suits a piece. With an occasional dressing-up in white for state occasions for both children and grown-ups, we managed the laundry problem nicely.

The simplifying process extended to the preparation of our food, but did not take from it its wholesome quality. We all like bacon for breakfast in camp. Show me the camper who does not! The average housekeeper is acquainted with the fact that bacon does not keep well in the strip, in summer, as it is subject to mold when near the water or in the woods. Then it is troublesome to slice it each time. The bacon which comes in jars, while undoubtedly delicious, costs more than I wanted to pay. After studying the matter, I conceived the idea of buying a strip of the very best bacon, at twenty-seven cents a pound, slicing it myself, and packing it away in jars. This required only a sharp knife, a cutting-board, and a fair degree of patience. After the bacon was packed in large-mouthed glass jars—some of them large jelly-glasses—I cut two thicknesses of white paper to fit inside the mouth of each jar, and ran a half-inch of paraffin on top of it. When we wanted sliced bacon, we had only to remove the paraffin and paper from the top of the jar.

We took with us quantities of jelly, jams, pickles, and other canned things.

Perhaps, as a family, we are over-fond of these home-prepared dainties. Certainly, they never went begging, and they helped out camp meals by supplying the filling for many sandwiches, as well as spreads. One little visitor testified to the popularity of our sweets by this naive request at nearly every meal: "Mother, won't you please give me some jelly with some bread on it?"

We were able to get fresh vegetables and fruits twice a week from a farmer who came on the grounds. The fruit was substituted, altogether, for formal desserts. With good milk, fresh eggs, an occasional chicken dinner, and a bountiful supply of fresh fish, caught by the men of our own household, who could ask for a more wholesome and economical diet?

We had a regular time for each meal, and the matter of going to bed was optional, of course, excepting in the case of the children. A regular breakfast hour was insisted upon, and seldom did a member of the camping party so far lose herself in dreamland that the first clatter of the breakfast things in the kitchen did not arouse her fully and send her bouncing out of bed, ready to begin the day's sport.

Perhaps the most useful article belonging to our camp was our tea-wagon. This idea was worked out with an old go-cart for a basis. It was furnished with two decks, which had a railing about four inches high all around. It was then painted a neat, dark green, and was ready for business. When we suddenly conceived the idea of a dinner on the beach, we were saved the annoyance of packing the many baskets usually required for such fêtes. Instead, we had only to load up our tea-wagon with the essentials of the dinner, and trundle it merrily up the beach to the desired spot. At other times it remained in the corner of the dining-living-room, and came into good use in the clearing of the table after each meal.



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WORDS AND HOW TO USE THEM

A MONTHLY DEPARTMENT IN CORRECT ENGLISH

By EMMA M. BOLENIUS, Author of "The Teaching of Oral English," "Teaching Literature," etc.

THE correct use of *shall* and *will* has been a puzzling matter to very many people. It is one of the nicer distinctions in use of words, a distinction that it is well for every one to learn to recognize and thus prevent the awkward circumstance of saying the opposite of what is intended.

For instance, let us suppose that a man hurls himself from a restraining group of friends down into theraging river, with the cry: "I will drown! Nobody shall save me!" Would it have revealed to you the same thought, if he had screamed from the water

below: "I shall drown! Nobody will save me!" What is the difference between these two exclamations?

The auxiliaries *shall* and *will* are used in what we term the future tense, and, as is customary, they are applied to the three persons, in both singular and plural, that is, to (1) *I* and *we*, (2) *you*, and (3) *he, she, it, and they*.

The two big ideas that these words express are what we call futurity or expectation, and what we call volition, running through the different grades, from desire, willingness and wish, to determination, promise, and even threat. The forms that express the first big idea—futurity or expectation—are as follows:

I shall (laugh, sing, run—anything.)
You will
He, she, it will
We shall
You will
They will

Notice how easily you can substitute for the auxiliaries here given the phrases "am going to," "are going to," and "is going to," and keep that substitution in mind as your test of the auxiliary to be used for futurity. To say, then, "I don't believe I will reach there in time," is using the wrong auxiliary to bring out the meaning of "am going to." The sentence should be "I don't believe I shall (am going to) reach there in time."

The first confusing thing in the use of these auxiliaries is that the pronouns *I* and *we* take one auxiliary, and the pronouns *you, he, she, it, and they*, take an entirely different one to express the same thought.

Now, for volition in its various phases these auxiliaries are simply turned around, as the following table shows:

Desire, wish, willingness, determination, promise, threat:

I will (laugh, run, sing, do—anything.)

You shall

He, she, it shall

We will

You shall

They shall

In volition the speaker either makes up his own mind ("I will play for you")

I promise to play) or impresses his mind or will upon others ("He shall be here at the hour you mention—I'll see to that!"). If a woman is standing on a tottering step-

ladder, which is the correct expression for her to use—"I am afraid I will fall" or "I am afraid I shall fall?" If she means, "I am afraid I am going to fall," she should say, "I am afraid I shall fall." "I will fall" would mean that she has determined to fall—an absurd assumption.

A young man exclaims on the eve of his examination: "I will probably fail, for I have not been present at all the lectures!" Does he say what he really means? In reality he says that he has made up his mind to fail ("I will" expressing volition), whereas what he probably meant was that there was a likelihood of his failing—in other words, that he was going to fail. Therefore, "I shall probably fail" is the correct version.

YOU will not go—I object!" is a blundering statement for what should be, "You shall not go—I object." When the speaker's will influences the person spoken to, we use the auxiliary that belongs to volition or determination. Any one of our ten commandments is a good example of this—"Thou shalt not kill," for instance.

"I shall drown! Nobody will help me!" "I will drown! Nobody shall help me!"

Do you now see the difference? In the first we have a situation which just happens that way—some one has fallen into the water, and is going to drown, unless somebody else comes along and is going to help pull her out. In the second we have a very different situation, one which shows the speaker's will dominating herself and others. Some one has determined—made up her mind—to commit suicide, let us suppose, has jumped into the water, and resists all attempts at rescue. The first example expresses simple

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WORDS AND HOW TO USE THEM

[Continued from page 74]

futurity; the second, volition, or determination.

Do you distinguish clearly between the two sentences, "At ten o'clock she will leave the city" and "At ten o'clock she shall leave the city?" The first is futurity, expectation, and can be tested by means of the phrase "is going to." The second expresses determination that somebody else leave the city at a certain time. It is the sort of thing that a police official might say about a person under suspicion, if determined to get rid of him, or a mother about a child over whom she still exercises control.

THE big distinction between *shall* and *will*, then, is this: if the idea is simply futurity, or something going to happen in the future, use *shall* with *I* and *we*, and *will* with the other personal pronouns; as, "I shall go to school to-morrow as usual," "I know that you will come," and "He says that she will be there." If the idea is determination, or volition—making up the mind, or impressing one's will on others, use *will* with *I* and *we*, and *shall* with all the other persons; as, "I will go, for you cannot keep me away," "You shall take part in the program, for I can make you do it," and "She shall do as I say."

In questions there is a special rule to remember, and that is, to use the auxiliary expected in the answer. *Shall* is ordinarily expected in the first person with *I* or *we*. *Will* is never proper in the first person unless it repeats a question asked by another person; as, "You ask me, 'Will I go?'"—why, yes, I will." To say "Will I raise the window?" is an absurd question, because it means "Have I made up my mind to raise the window?" and nobody knows that but the speaker. It should be, of course, "Shall I raise the window?" "Will I go?" should be "Shall I go?"

In those questions in which the subject is in the second or third person, we should use the auxiliary expected in the reply. A stenographer would ask her employer: "Shall you be in your office all the afternoon?" for she naturally expects the reply, "I shall" or "I shall not." But suppose that some girl has borrowed a book from her and she wishes it returned the same day. She asks, "Will you let me have the book by six o'clock tonight?" because she expects the promise: "I will!"

The expressions "shall of" and "will of" are entirely unwarranted; as, "I shall of gone" for "I shall have gone," or "He will of arrived" for "He will have arrived." This use of the preposition *of* for the auxiliary verb *have* is confined largely to spoken language and is frequently the result of carelessness. It is, however, a glaring error in the usage of the verb.

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"THE conversation was checked by a sharp cry from Baby Billy as he drew up his little legs.

"Summer Complaint!" exclaimed Madge, with a quiver in her voice and a sickening terror in her heart. "Father, please telephone for Dr. Ransom. Billy, see if there is castor oil in the medicine closet—quick! Jane, fill the baby's tub with warm water—"

Like well-trained orderlies, acting on instructions from their superior, they scattered."

* * * * *

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CINDERELLA—1916

[Continued from page 68]

His deep voice, unsteady as he finished, died away into silence. A very stricken Cinderella had turned away her face, but one little ear with a tendril of brown hair curling over it and the curve of a furiously pink cheek drew his eyes.

"Oh, dear!" quavered Cinderella suddenly, "What a mess—what an awful mess liars make of things, don't they? I've never told even the palest kind of a white fib but I was punished in some way. But look here: why in the world didn't you give away your old money if it made you so miserable? I would; but, then, I can't keep money, anyway."

She was talking feverishly to gain time. Her heart was pounding hard and fast. A year and two weeks!

Hardinge leaned back against the tree. "What does money mean to you, then?"

Cinderella wrinkled thoughtful brows.

"I don't think it means anything unless I'm forced to think about it," she replied honestly. "Perhaps that's because I never had it. Do you mean would I love to be rich? I've thought so, sometimes, when I couldn't have a new gown I fancied, or had to get my old shoes patched and patched and patched, or couldn't hear Tetrazzini because I had to make twenty-seven cents last until pay-day—but that was only a mood. I wouldn't live in one of those old prisons on the Avenue for anything you could name! I wouldn't have a maid pawing over my things! I wouldn't have servants standing around like graven images behind my chairs! I want a home, not a hostelry."

Again his hands went out to her in a longing gesture she did not see. "If you could have all you wanted, what would you want?" he demanded eagerly.

"A house," said Cinderella instantly, addressing the sunset, "a long, rambling, cream stucco bungalow on a hill—a homey house, you know, with flower boxes in all the windows, every one; and a big, untidy, splattering garden, all wild and woodsy, with a little, tinkling brook at the end of it; and a cunning little stucco garage just big enough to hold my little car; and one neat little maid to wash up the dishes after I'd made the desserts—I do so hate to wash dishes!—and—oh, a baby grand piano and perfect heaps of books and open fires—and—well, that's all."

"It sounds—heavenly," said Hardinge unsteadily; "but millions, child! Your little home would use so tiny a sum. What would you do with millions?"

Cinderella turned her ruffled brown head and looked at him—a bewildered, gloriously shy look it was, too.

"I think," she said simply, "that I should give all the rest of the millions to those who loved them or wanted them."

This time she saw his arms and his eyes. Her pounding heart suddenly jumped into her throat. Hot tears rushed into her eyes. A year and two weeks—

"Turn away your head!" she whispered frantically. "I'm afraid I'm going to cry! It isn't a pretty spectacle—I'm far—too thorough—o—o—o—"

And, indeed, she was thorough; still, a broad, masculine shoulder makes a pretty fair crying-pillow, and, presently, the owner of that pillow found his voice.

"Is it—pity—Princess?" he asked shakily.

"No!" snapped Cinderella, suddenly recovering her composure; "it is not! I'm crying because I'm crying—that's all. Where're my pumps?"

"Here," said the dejected Hardinge humbly. He fished them from his pockets and held them out to her.

Cinderella regarded them ruefully. It is one thing to get into a pair of new pumps with the aid of a shoe-horn in the privacy of one's hall-bedroom, and it is quite another to force into them, in public, feet which have gone unshod for the better part of an hour.

"How about a maid, now?" ventured Hardinge. He had taken out his knife, and with quick and sure strokes was fashioning something from a piece of wood he had picked up.

Cinderella shook a determined head. She dropped her refractory little shoe and laughed at herself.

"Lucky the kiddies can't see this performance," she announced. "They always cast me for Cinderella, and here I am a veritable step-sister after all!"

Hardinge dropped on one knee before her. He inserted the smooth bit of wood in the discarded shoe at the heel.

"But—you remember it was the—prince who fitted Cinderella's slipper," he said below his breath. "Let me try, dear!"

For a long, long minute the brown eyes searched the gray ones so close to them. Then Cinderella sighed and asked a question lying heavily on her heart.

"A year—and two weeks," she said slowly. "That's a long time, isn't it? Why didn't you—"

"Find a sponsor? Dear, I fine-combed this heartless old town trying to find some one who knew you. But you were so cruelly alone. Don't you know anyone outside of the library? Haven't you any relatives?"

"I've Second-cousin Matilda Stuyvesant," Cinderella said soberly. "She lives on the Avenue, you know, but I don't go there very much. I'm the poor relation."

Hardinge made an inarticulate noise in his throat. It was one part astonishment and three parts red-hot rage.

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CINDERELLA—1916

[Continued from page 76]

"Mrs. Stuyvesant! And I was at her stupid dance last week and at other things—why haven't I met you there?"

"Poor relations," said Cinderella composedly, "don't go to dances. They go to Sunday dinner sometimes—when there's no one else coming. And they have gowns like this one sent to them."

Hardinge choked on a strong word. In his perturbation, he slipped on the bronze pumps without waiting for the glance he had hoped to win from the pumps' owner; and in another second, properly shod, Cinderella stood up. The torn ruffle had miraculously disappeared.

"Thank you, Mr. Hardinge, for a pleasant afternoon," she said conversationally. "Perhaps we may meet again in—Arcady."

The man's jaw dropped. He stared at this amazing young person, weeping on his shoulder one moment, bidding him a cool farewell the next; then he sprang to his feet and caught her soft wrists in a grasp of steel.

"Perhaps!" he echoed chokingly. "Do you mean me to understand that I have bared my soul to you in vain—that it was part of a pleasant afternoon's entertainment? Is the torment of this last year nothing to you? At first, it was enough to see you—to know that you lived in the same place with me—but afterward I—hungered—for you, in my heart, in my home. And, any day, some man might have taken you from me! Oh, my dear, be a little sorry for me."

"What is it you want?" The words were barely audible, but he heard.

"I want your promise to marry me—some day. I want to put my ring on your finger. I want you to build that house and make me welcome there—some day. I'll—I'll give you plenty of time, dear, to get used to me—to try to return a little of my love for you, but I want your promise."

Cinderella had ceased to pull at her imprisoned hands but she would not meet his pleading eyes.

"But you're a millionaire!" she cried desperately; "and I'm only a poor relation. Besides, you don't work. I—I'd hate a man around my house all the time!"

"I don't work? You ask the chaps in my office if I don't work—and make them work jolly hard, too!"

There was a little silence after his quick protest. Then Cinderella sighed and lifted sweet, shamed eyes to his face.

"Well," she murmured, "if you're quite sure—absolutely positive—that you'll never throw this horrid Miss Kincaid business up to me, I'll—think—about it. Because—because I liked your—eyes—so much. That's why I pretended. And—and now I've got to tell you—why I cried. I—I cried because of—of that—lonely—little boy—"



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THE WISHING LAKE

A TALE WHEREIN ROMANCE IS HIGH-HANDED

[Continued from page 24]

"What can we do?" Betts felt sobered by this unexpected catastrophe.

Jerry walked up to the bend in the road and back again before he answered. "Betty," he said impressively, "do you remember that inn where we always wanted to go when we were youngsters and weren't allowed?"

"That disreputable old tavern?"

Jerry nodded. "Well, the exact counterpart is around the corner, and we're going there for luncheon."

Betty laughed in sheer joyousness. "Jerry, Jerry, I always did love boys, and you're not a day over seventeen."

Jerry led the way through the low door, and ignoring the chairs that the waiter pulled out for him at the sunny table by the window, ended up in a little recess off in one corner where they were invisible to the rest of the room.

Betty looked at him questioningly.

"I want you to myself for just this one day, Betts. You don't mind, do you?"

Betts shook her head. On the contrary she felt very content. The shadows hid the dinginess the little corner may have possessed, and imparted a cosiness and an intimacy all their own.

"Betts"—Jerry held his hand out to her over the table, and Betts as simply laid hers in it—"I don't think either one of us has really lived much. Aren't you hungry for life?"

"I don't know, Jerry. I'm not very happy, any more, but I don't really know what it is I want."

"Your Aunt Peabody says—" and then he stopped.

"Says what?" demanded Betts suspiciously.

IMAGINE you're too much surrounded by common-sense, according to her ideas."

"Jerry Yost, no Peabody ever thought there was half enough common-sense anywhere in the world."

Jerry laughed as if he were highly amused. "I'm going to introduce you to your aunt, some day."

"You mustn't forget that this is an Adventure Day," Jerry remarked when they were finishing their luncheon, "and that, according to the rules, no disparaging remarks can be made about anything the leader of the party does."

"I'll be game, Grown-up Little Boy Chief," Betts answered laughingly.

"Then, it's part of the plan that you walk with your eyes shut, and let me lead you for a while—dearest." The last word he merely breathed.

Betts hesitated for a moment, and then decided she surely must have been mistaken. Jerry wouldn't be saying "dearest" to her.

He led her an eighth of a mile before either of them spoke again. "Now, when I count three, you can open your eyes," he announced, finally. "One—"

But Betty had already opened her eyes. "I won't stand here like a two-year-old while you count your ridiculous three," she declared vehemently; and then her voice dropped, for she stood on the shore of the most exquisitely beautiful little lake she had ever seen. Sapphire blue in the center, it deepened into the blackest of shadows toward the far side where a mountain sprang up from its shores.

"Oh, Jerry," she exclaimed, and then, unaccountably, her eyes filled with tears.

"It's our wishing lake, Betts, don't you remember? Can't you see an island rising off there in the center and our ridiculous little dream house going up on it?"

Betts smiled slowly. "And has it a kitchen or a toolshed on the back of it, Jerry? You were a very obstinate husband in the days when you were eight."

"It has a kitchen, of course. I've improved since then. But we're going exploring. We're going to follow the lake. It soon gets to be a river and noses its way off there between those two mountains that look like one, until it finally turns itself into the Lake of Mysteries, as the Indians used to call it, because it looks so small and is really a day's paddle across."

BETTS followed his lead obediently over wide paths, down trails that constantly grew dimmer, and through the dense underbrush of the hills when the river bank no longer afforded a wide enough passageway. And then, all at once, the hills drew apart and the Lake of Mysteries lay before them, gleaming with the colors of the sunset.

"Let's walk beside it for a little way," Betts whispered, her voice hushed to the stillness of the forest around them. Gradually, the twilight deepened as they went on and on, until, in a sharp bend, they came upon a canoe, drawn up on the beach. Jerry looked at Betts, who nodded assent.

"The paddles are probably hidden near," he said, and after a five-minute search he came upon them.

"Oh, Jerry, let's go for that island off there on the left. It looks so vague and strange in this purple light."

"It isn't just exactly an island, but that's where I was heading."

"And then we must go right back. It's late—and, Jerry, what about your machine?"

Jerry smiled. "It's all right, and you mustn't forget, Betts, that this is an Adventure Day and that strange things may happen before midnight, even on your purple island."

"I almost think I want something to happen," she answered slowly. "Then I can go back and be humdrum more contentedly." And immediately something did happen. In turning around to speak to Jerry, she unbalanced the canoe to such an extent that it tipped her out headfirst.

HALF a minute later, she found herself sitting propped up against a tree with Jerry, white-faced, rubbing her hands and wrists vigorously. He breathed deeply. "It's a good thing we were in shallow water. I didn't plan for that part of our program."

"That's been the nice thing about the day, Jerry, that none of it was planned." She leaned back against the tree as she spoke. She still felt a little dazed.

But Jerry ignored her last remark. "Can you walk over to the cabin or shall I carry you?"

"Why, is there a cabin?"

"Surely, there's a cabin," he answered grimly. "I'll wrap you up in a blanket while I build a fire and make some coffee."

Jerry was quick-handed, and five minutes later the fire was built, and Betts, already feeling more comfortable, was stretched out on a skin in front of it, contentedly watching the kettle swinging over it from a forked stick.

"My life is humdrum, Jerry," she said suddenly, "and I can't see why it should be. I've accomplished every single thing I wanted to, but it doesn't seem to mean anything." She turned around to Jerry, who nodded gravely. "I didn't want just to marry and never do anything with myself, like all the Peabody people before me. And I've done all I started out to do. But this little cabin, now"—she looked around at it, the fire-light touching lightly on its walls—"here I feel happier, more—" she stopped suddenly to turn to Jerry, her face flushing.

[Concluded on page 84]

UTILIZING ODD CORNERS

A SIMPLE AND INEXPENSIVE WAY OF BEAUTIFYING THE HOME

Furniture designed by LIDIA TUTHILL

A MODERN philosopher has said that if he wants to form any judgment of an individual's character, he asks—not what that person does for a living—but what he or she does with the margin of leisure which, in greater or less degree, is the portion of every one—whether old or young, rich or poor. The same sort of test of character or individuality might well be applied to a home.

No matter how simply or how lavishly a home may be furnished, if its furnishing be confined to conventional pieces bought for practical or ornamental purposes, it is certain to lack individuality. It is not so much the taste shown in the selection of the necessary furnishings, or even the grouping of them, that gives a distinctive character to a room, as what one does with the odd corners and unnecessary little spaces. A few loving touches guided by good taste can, with a trifling expense, transform the stiffest, most characterless room ever furnished into a really livable spot with a charm of its own.

What is bleaker or more forbidding than a small, bare hall? But with a shelf or two of books placed at convenient height to break the bareness of the walls, a few pictures—not many—and perhaps a small set of standing book-shelves with a warm-colored vase on top, such a hall becomes an entrance through which it is a pleasure to pass.

WHEREVER there is an open fireplace, the corners on both sides of it offer tempting facilities for treatment. Book-shelves for such recesses are extremely easy to make, as are also prettily shaped and really ornamental boxes for wood or coal. If a

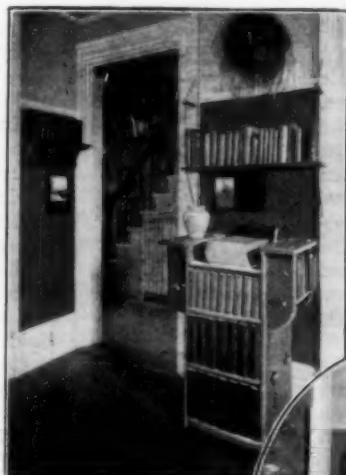
window occurs in such a recess, a window-seat may seem to be the most attractive way to utilize the space under it.

A pretty server, made by an amateur carpenter and consisting of three shelves held together by a slight frame-work, occupies the recess on one side of the fireplace in the charming cottage of a pair of young home-makers. A little above the top of the server, and a trifle higher than the simple Colonial mantelpiece, the young husband and carpenter has placed a shelf for choice dining-room treasures.

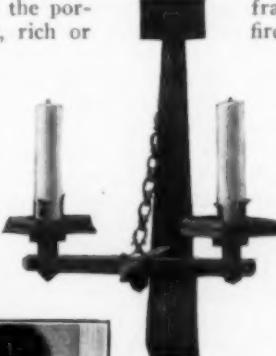
In the living-room of another tasteful, but modest, cottage, a very awkward space between two windows, with steam radiator pipes under them, was changed into a most attractive cosy corner by a home-made divan with very high ends, which was built in to fit the space. When the divan was fitted with pillows of harmonious colors and the wall behind it fitted with a narrow shelf on which a few choice objects were ranged, the work gave personal charm to the whole room.

NO simple living-room should be without at least a few built-in shelves for holding the books that one wants always near at hand. If the house has no room fitted especially as a library, the living-room bookshelves will increase from year to year, as the family grows in size.

Many of the most lavishly appointed libraries have their treasures of books stowed entirely on built-in shelves. Such shelves are often built in when the walls of the room are being finished, but they can easily be added at any time by the amateur craftsman, to fit any desired spaces, and, with a little additional labor can be stained or polished so as to resemble closely the finish of the other wood-work of the room.



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THE SPORT HAT

[Continued from page 28]

to the middle of the rounded end on which the slit was made and the other end of the strap is sewed to the middle of the folded edge where the flap turns over the top of the pocket. Quite chic, also, are the pockets attached to the belt (Fig. 3). If you make up one of these shirtwaist sets, you may consider yourself as being in quite correct form and also most economical, as they are selling for from twelve to eighteen dollars in New York.

The trimming for the sport hats this summer is most artistic. Many of the Panamas, Japanese basket hats, and peanut hats are painted with oil paints. Peacocks, parrots, blue birds, butterflies, beetles are among the popular designs. All kinds of bright flowers, of course, are used, too. All of the trimming on this kind of hat is flat. The silk and linen flowers are cut from patterns like those our great grandmothers used for fancy quilts. The designs are cut and laid in place on brim and crown, then the edge of each piece is buttonholed to the hat with bright thread. Many of the handsomest of these hats are trimmed with cross-stitch designs. The canvas is first basted to the hat and then the design stitched through the frame. Some of these designs are cross-stitched on another material, then the edge is cut, allowing one-half inch all around. This allowance is turned back and basted, then the design is pinned in place on the hat and sewed with invisible stitches. Designs are embroidered on material, the edge cut, turned and basted in the same way and then appliqued to hat.

Many of the sport hats are also trimmed with flat flowers made of straw braid (Fig. 1). You can rip the braid from an old hat for this. To make a petal of a flower, cut the piece of braid two and one-half times its width. Fold this piece in two and join two of the edges. Then open out flat the braid thus sewed and wind the fraying ends tight. Shape with your fingers to make the form rounding at one end. Make several of these petals in the same way, then join them so that they will swirl. Finish the center with a button-shaped disk which can be made by twisting a piece of the braid around as you would do if you were starting a little

nest. Or you can make a center of cord covered with the material used on the frame (see May lesson, Fig. 6).

Another flat flower (Figs. 2 and 4) can be made over a circle of buckram. Cut a circle three inches in diameter and sew light frame wire around the edge of it. Cut bias strips of silk or other material four inches wide. Fold the strips to make them double so that one edge will be a fold and not a raw edge. Over the buckram circle lay some cotton padding, then cover the whole circle with the material. Then lay three pieces of the bias strip across on the circle so that in the middle only a triangle of the original cover will show (Fig. 4); then over these three strips, and nearer the edge of the buckram circle, lay three more bias pieces so that another triangle will show, the one made by the first three pieces laid on the circle. Then gather the edges of the bias pieces and fasten them to the under side of the buckram. Finish the edge with a narrow bias fold of the material. To make a stem, wind a piece of frame wire with a bias strip of the material. One of these flat flowers can be used on a hat (Figs. 2 and 4), or several can be placed flat around the side crown. Finish the edge of the brim with a binding of straw braid, ribbon, silk braid, or bias of material.

This lesson will help solve the Panama hat question. Many of our inquiries are for methods of using old Panama hats, the brims of which are too wide, or the crowns of which are out of style, and the ways described above are not only the most satisfactory means of disposing of them but will furnish you with the very smartest type of hat. Remember, however, before you begin your slashing, if slashing is necessary, to make a line of machine stitching just inside of the line on which you wish to cut the hat. This prevents the fibers from unwinding.

Editor's Note.—If you have hats to trim, retrim, or make over, Mrs. Tobey will tell you how. She will be glad to help you with any millinery difficulty. Pattern for the buckle on belt in shirtwaist suit will gladly be furnished if stamped envelope is enclosed with inquiry.



FIGS. 6 AND 7—TWO VIEWS OF SHIRTWAIST SET





THE LITTLE GOLD GOD

[Continued from page 12]

faded and left the sea and sky flooded with soft pink light, deep rose at the rim, and fading out overhead into the softest, palest blue. Then, slowly, while we watched, the slender crescent of the new moon melted into sight and hung above Point Loma, shedding the faintest fairy path across the waters.

I glanced at Mr. Gordon and looked away, ashamed to have caught that look in his eyes. It was like watching a person at prayer. I have known him a thousand years!

It seemed almost sacrilegious to go back to the hotel for a dance. That sunset lingered in my mind all during dinner and kept coming back through the entire evening.

IT was a beautiful party. The Lieutenant knew all the officers, and our cards were filled at once.

I don't remember how many dances I had with Mr. Gordon. Rather more than was necessary, I suppose. Once he took me out on the veranda to see the sea by moonlight. The breakers were still pounding in, and were so phosphorescent that they glistened like streaks of fire. 'Way out on Point Loma the lighthouse winked, first, a red eye, and then a yellow one, and suddenly I felt very unhappy.

California is so beautiful, and we were having such a wonderful time. I had been trying to persuade myself for months that I would not mind the loneliness and remoteness and roughness of Rosario; but, to-night, I felt rebellious and didn't want to go, with underneath a feeling of shame at my selfishness toward Daddy.

"You are looking mighty serious, Miss Betty."

"It is a very doleful world, don't you think?" I said mournfully.

He glanced through the open windows into the gay room where we had been whirling merrily about, a few minutes ago. The music had suddenly grown plaintive.

"It is a world full of sudden changes, ups and downs; and the trick of learning to live serenely through it all is not an easy one," he said soberly.

I nodded.

"I know, and I guess I have just touched one of the low places. When you have a disagreeable thing to do, and have made up your mind to do it, and have worked yourself up to where you believe you can—"

I paused. He drew a long breath.

"Miss Betty," he said gently, "do you mean—is there another person concerned? Some one you have to hurt?"

"Let's not talk about it!" I cried. "Tomorrow we will have one more happy day. Ted has just told me about the

[Continued on page 82]

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THE LITTLE GOLD GOD

[Continued from page 81]

Colonel's picnic at the fort on Point Loma. It was so thoughtful of you to get the invitations for us. That will be the last of my good times. Then it is to be three months of rocks and sand and cactus, and good-by to civilization and—and—

"Then you are not saying good-by wholly without regrets," he began eagerly. "Miss Betty, the Pacific Squadron will probably be here for months in the fall. When you come back to the States—"

"I am going to Vassar," I said hastily. "That is part of my bargain with Daddy. He doesn't believe I really need any more education; but he promised I may go if I spend this summer with him on his Island. You are looking as obstinate about it as he does," I laughed. "Don't you believe in the higher education for women?"

"Yes—but not for you," he said ardently, "I think you are absolutely perfect just exactly as you are!"

I gasped, and then a sudden look of annoyance on the Lieutenant's face made me turn quickly, to find Ted at my elbow.

"There is a young Captain in there, dancing with Alice," he said excitedly, "who has kept her shamelessly through two dances and an encore. The little girl is helpless. He is making her conspicuous. She can't get away from him!"

I looked at Ted thoughtfully. It isn't going to do for him to win Alice too easily. She is such a transparent little thing that she could not possibly hide anything she felt, and Ted won't appreciate her unless he has to fight for her.

"Teddy," I said, "I am ashamed of you. I am sure you have no notion how conceited you sound. Any girl can get rid of a man without any trouble, if she wants to. Alice has only to take refuge with Mrs. Reed if she wants to give some one else a chance. She is probably en-

joying herself immensely. She and the Captain are old friends; he told me so himself; and he is as light on his feet as thistle-down, for all he is such a big, fine, manly fellow!"

Ted's face fell. He was so meek that he was pitiful. "Lord, Betty!" he said, humbly, "I haven't a ghost of a show with a lovely girl like that. The men here are all crazy about her. It has been awful to watch it."

The Lieutenant and I looked at each other and smiled. It is a funny thing that, in a love affair, what is perfectly patent to all the world is a mystery only to the two people most concerned. I felt very old and experienced as Teddy moved, fascinated, to the window.

"You are a wise little person," said the Lieutenant thoughtfully, at last; "you don't mean to make it too easy for him."

"I believe men value the things they have to fight and strive for," I laughed.

But the Lieutenant did not laugh. I had never seen him look so solemn. He pointed to Teddy's rapt face.

"There is one thing a girl does not always know," he said—a little bitterly, I thought—"and that is that when a man really and truly gives his heart to a sweet woman, he is already the humblest mortal on God's earth. He is self-convicted of unworthiness, and does not always need the treatment you are giving Ted."

He shook himself together. "They are beginning to play 'Home Sweet Home,'" he said lightly. "Shall we go back?"

Once during that last dance I looked suddenly into his eyes, and caught a look in them that made me afraid. I felt as if I had had a glimpse into a page of his life that had not been happy.

(To be continued in the August McCall's)

CROCHET TO EDGE EMBROIDERY

By ANNE EMAY

A SHORT time ago I made a dress for my little girl which I intended trimming with blue-and-white embroidery. When, however, I tried to purchase the embroidery I could not find any that seemed suited to my purpose. Not being willing to give up my idea of blue-and-white trimming, I finally hit upon a plan which seemed to meet my difficulty.

On a bargain table, I found some very dainty white beading embroidery, edged on each side with eyelets. It was about one and one-half inches wide. I bought several yards of this beading and a spool of light blue crochet cotton, and went to work to make my trimming myself.

The edges of the beading were shaped in points and had two eyelets on the inside and one on the outside for each point. The crochet pattern which I used was very simple. I made 2 s.c. in the first eyelet, 2 s.c. in second, picot by making 3 chain stitches and fastening in the same s.c., 2 s.c. in second eyelet, 2 s.c. in third eyelet. I repeated this for each scallop. The result was a dainty pointed blue edge on each side of white embroidery. I cut the embroidery through the center after both edges were finished.

My trimming has been much admired and cost me very little either in money or in time.



PREPAREDNESS FOR WOMEN

[Continued from page 17]

service in time of war, England has outstripped us by far with her Voluntary Aid Departments.

Three years before the big world war began, the English Red Cross conceived of the Voluntary Aid as a way of extending its work through the country as a whole. Each little village, no matter how tiny, was asked to organize what was called a detachment, consisting of fifty-six officers and men, and twenty-three women, who were to be the personnel of a local hospital which could be ready for occupancy within twelve hours after notice. In the men's division, the commandant at the head was preferably a retired army officer; in addition, there were a doctor, a quartermaster, a pharmacist, and four sections of twelve men, each one with a leader. In the woman's section the commandant was a doctor; then came a quartermaster, a trained nurse, four women who could act as cooks, and nineteen others with no specially designated duties. If the village was not large enough to organize a whole detachment, it was asked to get up a section and combine with three other villages.

At the time of forming, a first-aid certificate was required of each member of the detachment, and if he could not give it, he had to be prepared with one in twelve months. Each house in the village was visited, and each family asked what its members could contribute toward the equipment of a hospital in the event of war. One woman pledged a bed, another promised the entire contents of her linen chest, a man offered the use of his house, a woman, who had nothing material she could spare, said she would wash dishes for three hours a day. All these things were merely promised, of course, and no one had the faintest idea when, if ever, they would be called upon to live up to their promises.

In the meantime, after the Red Cross emissary who had organized the detachment had left, the detachment entered upon the task of training itself up to the duties that had been laid upon it. The commandant laid out the work, and the doctor either taught the men or the women, whichever the case might be, or had the instruction given them at a local hospital. The men were taught how to carry wounded on stretchers, how to convert local buildings or whole villages into temporary hospitals, how to disinfect buildings, how to arrange for comfortable transportation facilities for wounded men; the women were given simply the first-aid work on a par with that given by our own Red Cross. It was the duty of the quartermaster to take care of all the equipment, and to be responsible in time of need for collecting all the material that

had been promised. One village after another was organized in this fashion until soon there were thousands enrolled.

And then the Great War broke out, and fifteen thousand wounded Belgians arrived at one time. The big military hospitals were already overcrowded; the private hospitals were full; the Government had to call on the Voluntary Aid Detachments. "How many wounded can you take care of?" was the message flashed to every village named on the Red Cross list. And steadily the answers came back—this village, ten; this little hamlet, two wounded; this fair-sized town, fifty-three. And just as quickly the answer went back: "Your ten wounded arriving 8:30 tomorrow morning."

One particular village to which such a message was sent received it at midnight. The commandant called every man and woman of his detachment, and from then until 8:30 the next morning, when the stretcher-bearers met the train, they worked. The quartermaster went after the keys of the house that had been promised him, and three men and ten women were detailed to scrub it from attic to cellar. Each room, as they finished, was disinfected, and then the commandant and the doctor came to lay out the disposition of the rooms. With a liberal use of white paint, one room was converted into an operating room, another was fixed up as a laundry, and so on. Long before this was finished, however, the wagonloads of material that had been promised were being brought up under the direction of the quartermaster—a heavy four-poster bed, a small cot, two hand-embroidered towels, twelve coarse towels, a dishpan. In the mass, it was a discouraging pile, but once it was set in place, very few licks were discovered and very little duplication. Then the duties of all those who had offered their services were defined, and the hospital was ready.

Before the war, there had been much discussion as to the real value of using such amateurs, but now, after two and a half years of work, no one has a word of disparagement for the many hundreds of Voluntary Aid hospitals. Wounded soldiers ask, time and again, to be sent to a Voluntary Aid hospital; they like the friendly spirit of it; they feel more as if they were at home. In some of them, the same people are serving who began there two years and a half ago, and this is not to be taken lightly, since most of them give seven fourteen-hour days a week, and this without pay, as the government's contribution is only two shillings a day for the actual needs of each wounded soldier. One Englishwoman who bears the title of an ancient family has washed all the dishes

[Concluded on page 84]

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Dipping of water and scrubbing is thereby avoided. *Sani-Flush* is not a general cleanser, but a patented preparation to clean toilet bowls and keep them clean.

25 Cents a Can

Most dealers have *Sani-Flush* or can get it quickly. If you do not find it, write us a card giving your dealer's name and we will have you supplied. Try *Sani-Flush* at our risk—money back if it fails to do as we claim.

Sani-Flush should be used wherever there are toilets in Residences, Business Offices, Hotels, Stores, Factories, etc. Does not injure plumbing connections.

THE HYGIENIC PRODUCTS CO.
440 Walnut St., Canton, Ohio

The Trap which you can't clean except with *Sani-Flush*

They die outdoors



Rat Bis-Kit

about the house. Rats will seek it, eat it, die outdoors. Easiest, quickest, cleanest way. Large size 25c, small size 15c. All druggists or direct prepaid. The Rat Biscuit Co., 676 N. Lime-stone St., Springfield, Ohio.

For roaches and water bugs
the new *Rat Bis-Kit*
in the tube—75c

Keeps Skin Smooth, Firm, Fresh —Youthful Looking

To dispel the tell-tale lines of age, illness or worry—to overcome flabbiness and improve facial contour—there is nothing quite so good as plain

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Effective for wrinkles, crow's feet, enlarged pores, etc., because it "tightens" and tones the skin and underlying tissue. No harm to tenderest skin. Get an ounce package, follow the simple directions—see what just one application will do. Sold at all drug stores.

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I know because I was Deaf and had Head Noises for over 30 years. My invisible Anti-septic Ear Drums restored my hearing and stopped Head Noises, and will do it for you. They are Tiny Megaphones. Cannot be seen when worn. Easy to put in, easy to take out. Are "Unseen Communicators." Inexpensive. Write for Booklet and my sworn statement of how I recovered my hearing. A. O. LEONARD
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"Have Your Mother Use These Safety Pins and Be Happy"

Ordinary safety pins that accidentally open are more than a discomfort to baby—they are a menace to its health.

For this reason, no mother should merely ask for "safety pins" when buying. You should ask for name and insist upon getting

STEWART'S DUPLEX SAFETY PINS
TRADE MARK REGISTERED
"CONSAPICO"

In this way only can you be sure of getting safety pins made of such stiff and strong, rust-proof brass wire that they cannot open unless deliberately unfastened.

For your baby's sake, demand and insist upon getting Stewart's Duplex Safety Pins.

Send 2c stamp and address of nearest dealer for free sample card.

Consolidated Safety Pin Co.
Dept. E BLOOMFIELD, N. J.

Keep Sweet with Eversweet

At Department and Drug Stores 25c and 50c, or mailed direct on receipt of price. Free sample on request.

Eversweet Co.
Dept. MC
100 Beekman St.
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RELIEVES PERSPIRATION
A dainty, odorless white cream very effective in destroying odors caused by perspiration. A touch of "Eversweet" applied to any part of the body gives instant relief.

AGENTS \$60 A WEEK

Outdoor Lamp and Safety Lantern
Burns Kerosene. Can't explode. Can't set fire to anything. Burns in all kinds of weather. Rain proof, wind proof, bug proof. For farmers, teamsters, hucksters, plumbers, dairymen, campers—everybody needs it.

Automobile Given
Write for plan how we furnish Agents with an automobile. This is no contest where only one person wins. Anyone can earn an auto.

Thomas Lantern Co., 3402 East St., Dayton, O.

30 DAYS FREE TRIAL
and freight prepaid on the new 1916 "RANGER" bicycle. Write at once for our big catalog and special offer.

Marvelous Improvements. Extraordinary values in our 1916 price offers. You cannot afford to buy without getting our latest propositions. WRITE TODAY.

Boys, be a "Rider Agent" and make big money taking orders for bicycles and supplies. Get our liberal terms on a sample to introduce the new "RANGER."

TIRE—gummed sundries and every-
thing in the bicycile line half usages. Factory
prices on Motorcycles and Automobile Supplies.

MEAD CYCLE CO., DEPT. W-26, CHICAGO

PARROTS
Choice, hand-raised Mexican Redheads or Cuban Parrots, if ordered before Aug. 1, only \$5.00. Guaranteed alive, and to learn to talk.

Anted to reach destination alive, and to learn to talk.

IOWA BIRD CO., DEPT. N Des Moines, Iowa



PREPAREDNESS FOR WOMEN

[Continued from page 83]

in the hospital in her particular village for over two years, with never a day off.

In Germany, the time of the women has been given more to the war relief work that is not directly connected with the wounded. Seven hundred thousand of them are banded together under the name of the Women's Union of the Fatherland, and no woman whose husband is at the front and needs help comes to them in vain. They provide a large proportion of the hospital supplies and also gather together quantities of warm clothing for the troops. Last autumn, each member made five Christmas presents suitable for a soldier, so that not a man in the Fatherland's service should go unremembered at Christmas time. They also maintain several schools of motherhood, housekeeping, personal hygiene, based on the same principles as our home nursing courses.

In fact, preparedness for women in all the warring countries has only been limited by their own ingenuity. In our own country, many isolated attempts have been made, outside of the work of the Red Cross, to prepare women for the uses of war. A little group goes one night a week to one of the big armories in New York City to learn as much as possible of the routine duties of a soldier, so that, in case

of invasion, they could be ready to protect their homes. Out in Chicago, there is a cavalry regiment composed of women who have a daily ride and drill, and down at Chevy Chase, Maryland, the woman's section of the Navy League has been maintaining a military camp for women.

But these, after all, are but sporadic, showy evidences of the spirit abroad in the country; the real work for woman, as has been demonstrated abroad, is in work that lies closer to the spirit of her home, of her tenderness, of the mother's feeling for all the sons of the earth.

Preparedness for women! To each woman it might conceivably mean something different, since preparedness for women has not existed long enough to have bounded itself definitely, but the opinion of Miss Mabel Boardman, who is at present head of the Red Cross, is interesting. "After all," she says, "our work is something of a paradox. We give nursing courses called 'courses for the home,' and really think of them as a partial preparation for service in war; but we also give nursing courses definitely designed to make for efficient help in time of war, and yet, underneath, we are really thinking about them all the time as merely preparation for efficient living!"

THE WISHING LAKE

[Continued from page 78]

"Betts!" he breathed.

She drew in her breath. "Oh, Jerry, I didn't know." She covered her face with her hands. And then Jerry had her in his arms, and the firelight, unnoticed, grew brighter, and the kettle boiled over, and the moon sent in an inquisitive beam.

"My dearest, my sweetheart, my little wife-to-be," he murmured softly, and Betts nestled closer.

And, then, when the kettle had gurgled and hissed and scolded until they couldn't help but notice, Jerry stood up and pointed his finger accusingly at Betts. "And it was romance you needed, and I might never have known."

"Romance?" Betts repeated perplexedly after him.

For answer, Jerry pulled a telegram from his pocket. It was from Betts' Aunt Peabody and read simply: "Come at once. Betts leaves Wednesday. I know what is the matter with her."

"And I thought you really didn't care," he said softly, "and that I was only doing the decent thing in not troubling you."

Betts looked bewildered. "But, Jerry, Aunt Peabody—"

"She was right," he interrupted. "She

said you cared, underneath, but that you needed some old-fashioned romance to make you realize it." He drew her close to him. "What if I had never found out!"

"Then this day was—"

"We planned it together. We haven't been in bed since I got in at three this morning. I had to get up here and fix the canoe and the cabin, and then I had to practise stopping the machine as I did, too." He laughed. "Aunt Peabody thought of most of the things. She's here now."

"Aunt Peabody!" Betts gasped.

He put an arm around her while he called. "Aunt Peabody, Aunt Peabody!"

The door opened, and Aunt Peabody stood there, a soft pink staining her cheeks, although her voice was as brisk as usual. "Well, I'm glad you've been quick. I'm here as a chaperon, in case any one ever hears of this escapade."

Suddenly her tone changed. She took a step nearer. "Betts," she said softly, her cheeks growing even pinker, "I'm so glad." She stopped, but in a moment her voice went bravely: "A Peabody has to be forty before she understands herself, and then it's too late, unless some one has already understood for her."



SELLING HOME-MADE BREAD How One Woman Baked and Sold Profitably

By MRS. J. P.

BREAD-MAKING for home use was always an easy task for me, so when I wished to make some pin money I naturally thought of making bread for sale.

There were two bakeries and three grocery stores in our town, and yet many of our people ordered bread from other cities, so I argued that if I could make better bread than our town bakers could offer, there ought to be a good market for my bread. The most serious problems to me were how to bring it to the notice of possible customers, and then how to deliver it when ordered, and I decided to ask my grocer if he would sell my bread for me.

I talked to him over the telephone, and he said that if I would make one dozen loaves, he was willing to try and see if he could sell them. I made the dozen loaves and sent them down to him the next afternoon. That night he called and wanted to know how often I could bake. I replied "every day, if necessary," and he requested two dozen loaves the next day. I sent two dozen loaves down the next morning, and in the afternoon he called me on the telephone and wanted more bread.

This was the beginning, and before many days had passed I had all the bread orders I could fill.

I baked in an ordinary range. I mixed the bread in a large dish-pan, and weighed the dough, making each loaf one pound.

My first step in bread-making is to make my yeast, and I attribute much of the success of my bread to the excellence of my yeast. I use what is called "lightning yeast." To make this, I soak one cake of good, fresh yeast in one-half a teacupful of warm water. I boil three medium-sized potatoes until they are soft, remove them from the water, mash fine, add one teaspoonful of salt and four teaspoonfuls of sugar, and the water in which the potatoes were cooked, which should be about one quart. As soon as this is cool, I add the yeast, stir well, and set away until the next morning. I take out one-half pint of the yeast each time I make it, and reserve this to use to start the yeast for the next making.

When the bread is to be made, I sift the flour, add a little sugar and salt, and a tablespoonful of lard, stir in the liquid, and mix stiff. This I set away in a moderately warm place to rise. The rising does not take long, as this yeast is true to its name. I mold the dough into loaves, let rise again, and bake. Of course, I increase the quantity of the yeast according to the amount of bread to be made.

My grocer paid me four and one-quarter cents per loaf for my bread. I cleared enough from my bread to pay our grocery bill of about twenty-five dollars per month, besides doing all of the housework, including washing, for a family of six.

**Every Debutante Can Now Say
I SHALL NEVER HAVE A CORN**

Nowadays anyone can keep entirely free from corns. No young girl need ever know the ache of a kill-joy corn. Millions of people know that. Corns are needless—are absurd—since Blue-jay was invented.

At the first sign of a corn apply a Blue-jay plaster. It can't pain after that. In two days the corn disappears. New corns or old corns can be ended this way. But some old corns—about nine per cent—require the second application.

If you pare corns or use harsh old-time treatments, quit them. If you do not, don't begin. Blue-jay has eliminated 70 million corns. It has done it in an easy, gentle way. With all corns always this is the thing to do. The quicker you do it the better. For your own sake, prove this fact tonight.

Blue-jay Ends Corns

15 and 25 cents—at Druggists
Also Blue-jay Bunion Plasters
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Makers of Surgical Dressings, etc.

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Wash your Polish Mop, dry it in the sun or under the stove. Then cover the bottom of the can with O-Cedar Polish and let the mop stand over night, or pour a little O-Cedar Polish directly on the mop.



The important thing to remember is to use O-Cedar Polish on all Polish Mops.

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RIDER AGENTS Wanted—Boys, make money taking orders for Bicycles, Tires and Sundries from our big catalog. Do business direct with the leading bicycle house in America. Do not buy until you know what we can do for you. WRITE TO US.
MEAD CYCLE CO., DEPT. W-26, CHICAGO

OUR HOUSEKEEPING EXCHANGE

Conducted by HELEN HOPKINS

PANAMA HATS.—When your Panama hat becomes yellow and soiled, you may clean it easily with magnesia. From a five-cent lump of magnesia scrape about a tablespoonful into a saucer, and moisten with enough alcohol to make a soft paste. Apply to the hat with a brush or cloth, rubbing it in thoroughly, especially on the soiled or stained spots. Then set the hat aside to dry, being careful to shape the wet brim as you wish it to remain. When perfectly dry, brush off the surplus magnesia with a stiff brush. The hat will be as beautifully white and fresh as if it had been cleaned by a professional cleaner.—J. D. W., Bergen, New York.

TO KEEP CLOTHES FROM STREAKING.—When it is necessary to use hard water for doing the laundry, if you will add one-half teacupful of sweet milk to the blue water in which you are rinsing your clothes, there will be no streaks on the clothes and they will look as well as though soft water had been used.—Mrs. J. H. L., Belvidere, South Dakota.

CEMENT FOR METAL.—To make cement which will be found handy in the home for fastening paper, leather, or wood to metal, add a teaspoonful of glycerine to a gill of glue.—S. C., Providence, Rhode Island.

TO WASH WHITE DOESKIN GLOVES.—When washing doeskin gloves put a teaspoonful of olive oil in the water. This will keep the gloves soft and pliable and prevent their becoming hard and stiff, as they otherwise would do after washing.—E. H. M., Mariner Harbor, New York.

TO KEEP CURTAINS IN PLACE.—To prevent curtains from blowing out of the windows and against dusty screens, cover No. 10 lead dress-weights with white cloth and slip them into the hem of each curtain, across the bottom, using five weights to a curtain. This also makes the curtains hang perfectly straight.—L. M. Tong, Des Moines, Iowa.

TO IMPROVE RICE.—If a few drops of lemon-juice are added



to boiling rice, it will help to separate the grains and also to whiten them.—H. J., Jersey City, New Jersey.

REMOVING STAINS FROM MARBLE.—To remove oil or grease stains from marble, wash the stained part with a hot solution of soda and cover with a paste made of fullers' earth. Allow the paste to remain twenty-four hours, and if the stain has not then disappeared, repeat the application of soda and paste.—W. C. H., Hamilton, New York.

TO KEEP CREAM FROM DRIPPING.—By rubbing a little butter immediately under the spout of the cream pitcher the disagreeable dripping of the cream can be prevented.—Mrs. A. K. C., Grants Pass, Oregon.

DARNING GRASS RUGS.—A grass rug in our living-room was burned by the sparks from the wood fire popping out on it. I tried darning it with raffia and found the result altogether satisfactory.—H. A. DeL., Porterdale, Georgia.

TO REMOVE DOWN FROM GEESE AND DUCKS.—After killing the fowl, draw the skin up over the neck-bone and tie (to keep blood off the feathers). Hang it somewhere, and pick off all the feathers while still warm. Then sprinkle with powdered rosin, all over the down. Five cents' worth of rosin is enough for two geese. Then scald quickly with boiling-hot water, after which the rosin adheres to the down and can be rubbed off very easily, leaving a smooth, clean skin. I have tried various ways of removing the down from these fowls and find this decidedly the easiest.—B. Y. J., Blackfoot, Idaho.

Editor's Note.—We want your best ideas and suggestions for every phase of the home woman's activities. We will pay one dollar for each available contribution, and a special prize of five dollars for the best original item each month. Ideas which have appeared in print or are not original with the sender cannot be accepted. Unaccepted manuscripts which enclose a stamped envelope will be returned.

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Oftenest thought of for its deliciousness—highest thought of for its wholesomeness. Refreshing and thirst-quenching.

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Children's Teeth

require "inside" treatment as much as outward care.

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made from whole wheat and malted barley—is full of the rich nutriment of these grains, including their mineral elements, so essential for good teeth.

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